



GIANT 52-PAGE SIZE! BUY NO LESS!



OPERATION:

PERIL

DEC.
JAN.

10¢

Action

PACKED
ADVENTURE

starring ★★

DANNY DANGER

TYPHOON TYLER

TIME TRAVELERS





WEB COMIC
UNIVERSE.COM

GIVEN!

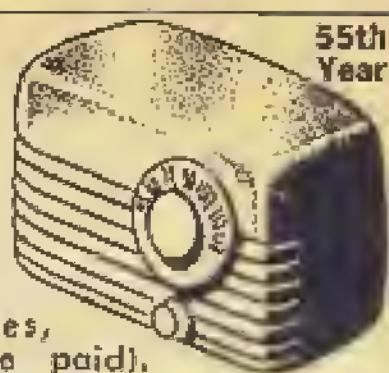
**ACT NOW
MAIL COUPON!**

BOYS! GIRLS! LADIES! MEN! WE GIVE YOU CASH OR PREMIUMS!



WE
ARE
RELIABLE!

Candid Cameras
with Carrying Cases,
Radios (sent postage paid).
Mail coupon to start.



55th
Year

OUR 55th YEAR



Boys! Girls!
Ladies! Men!



Lovable Dolls
over 15" high,
Cub Fishing Out-
fits, Genuine 22
Cal. Rifles, Daisy
Air Rifles (sent
postage paid).
Give pictures with
White CLOVERINE
Brand SALVE sold
at 25c a box (with
picture) and
remit per cata-
log sent with
order to start.
It's fun! Easy!
We trust you!
Begin at once!

BE FIRST



Boys-Girls Bi-
cycles (sent ex-
press charges
collect). Mail
coupon to start.

**NO MONEY
NOW**

Packet Watches,
Wrist Watches,
Baseballs, Bats
(sent postage paid).
Other Premiums or
Cash easily yours.
To start, mail
coupon for White
CLOVERINE Brand
SALVE and Pictures
easily sold to
friends, relatives,
neighbors at 25c
a box (with
picture).



**YOUR BIG
CHANCE!**

LOOK!

**START
TODAY!**

Football, Basketballs
(sent postage
paid). Mail coupon to start.

BIG CATALOG!

Alarm Clocks, Pen and Pencil Sets,
Bibles, Billfolds, Telescopes,
Roller Skates, Blankets, Alumi-
num Ware, Record Players,
Movie Machines (sent
postage paid).
Rush cou-
pon to
start!

**WE
ARE
RELIABLE**

MAIL NOW!

Wilson Chem. Co. Dept. AM-27, Tyrone, Pa. Date.....
Gentlemen:- Please send me on trial 13 colorful art
pictures with 13 boxes of White CLOVERINE Brand
SALVE to sell at 25c a box (with picture.) I will remit
amount asked within 30 days, select a Premium or
keep Cash Commission as explained under Premium
wanted in catalog sent with order, postage paid to start.

Name..... Age.....

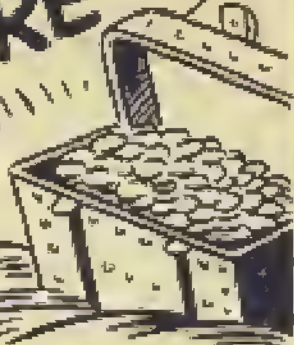
St..... RD..... Box.....

Town..... Zone No..... State.....

PRINT LAST
NAME HERE

Paste coupon on postal card or mail in envelope today

**JIM and
BETTY FIND A NEW
"TREASURE"**



I'M TIRED OF PLAYING
PIRATES! WE NEVER
FIND ANY TREASURE
ANYWAY-

ME
TOO!

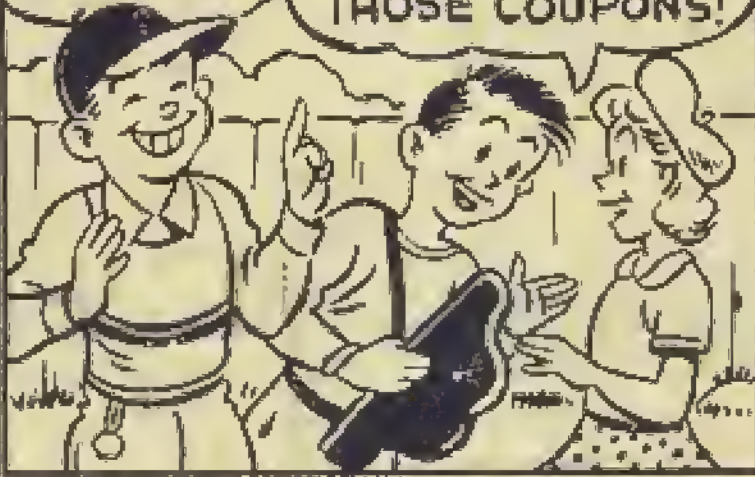


HI, KIDS! LOOKIT TH' SWELL NEW
WATCH I EARNED, SELLING
WHITE CLOVERINE
BRAND SALVE!



-AN' I'M
WORKING
FOR A
BIKE NOW!

SAY, BETTY, THAT
BEATS DIGGING FOR
PIRATE TREASURE!
LET'S SEND IN
THOSE COUPONS!



A FEW
DAYS
LATER
JIM AND
BETTY
ARE BUSY
SELLING
WHITE
CLOVERINE
BRAND
SALVE

GOLLY! THIS SALVE
SURE SELLS FAST!
NOW LETS CALL ON
MRS. BROWN -



IT'S FUN!

--AND WITH EACH PURCHASE OF
WHITE CLOVERINE
BRAND SALVE, YOU
GET A BEAUTIFUL
ART PICTURE!



GEE! SHE BOUGHT
2 BOXES! YOU'LL
HAVE YOUR DOLL
IN NO TIME,
BETTY-

-AND YOU'LL
SOON HAVE
YOUR FOOT-
BALL, JIM-



YES, KIDS, IT'S EASY
TO EARN THESE
PREMIUMS! TO
START, JUST MAIL
IN THIS COUPON--



DANNY DANGER



"DANNY DANGER'S THE NAME, PAL...AND ANY TIME YOU NEED A GOOD PRIVATE EYE, WHY NOT LOOK ME UP? I'M THE SORT OF GUY WHO KNOWS WHAT THE SCORE IS, AND I'VE FOUGHT MY WAY OUT OF MANY A TIGHT CORNER! ANYTHING GOES WITH ME WHEN IT COMES TO SOLVING A CASE, BUT I'VE GOT ONE WEAKNESS-- DAMES! AND IT WAS ALMOST A FATAL WEAKNESS WHEN TWO GORGEOUS EYEFULS GOT ME COMING AND GOING IN

The Case of the CHINESE GOLD!

"IT WAS MURDER, I TELL YOU--OR, RATHER, THE LACK OF MURDER THAT WAS KILLING ME! HERE IT WAS WEEKS SINCE MY LAST CASE--AND DANNY DANGER, THE BIG SHOT, WAS STARTING TO WORRY ABOUT HIS NEXT SQUARE MEAL!"

HERE'S THE MAIL, MR. DANGER-- MORE BILLS! AND BY THE WAY, DON'T I GET PAID THIS MONTH?

YOU DON'T WANT TO BE A WAGE-SLAVE, EMMY!... GOLDURN IT, IT LOOKS AS IF THERE ISN'T A SPARK OF DANGER OR MYSTERY LEFT ANYWHERE IN THE WORLD!



"OH, YEAH? I DIDN'T HAVE ANY WAY OF KNOWING IT, BUT AT THAT VERY MOMENT, HIGH IN THE SIERRA NEVADAS, AN EVENT WAS TAKING PLACE THAT WAS FATED TO EMBROIL ME IN THE MOST MYSTERIOUS CASE OF MY METEORIC CAREER! AND IF I'D KNOWN WHAT WAS IN STORE FOR ME, I'D HAVE TAKEN A POWDER--- FAST!"



"BUT I DIDN'T KNOW IT! ALL I KNEW WAS THAT THE NEXT WEEK WAS JUST LIKE ALL THE OTHERS...NO BUSINESS AND NO CASH...AND I'D HAVE TO DO SOMETHING ABOUT IT!"

THE RENT ON THIS DUMP'S OVERDUE...I'LL BE OUT ON THE STREET IF I DON'T DIG UP SOME MOOLA! GUESS I'LL WANDER DOWN TO THE BRIDGE...THE RIVER BREEZE MAY HELP MY THINKING!



"AND WHILE I INHALED THE SEA BREEZES, THIS WAS HAPPENING A FEW BLOCKS AWAY...IN CHINATOWN..."

THIS IS **UNBELIEVABLE!** YOU SAY THAT YOU'RE CHINESE REDS...THAT YOU SNEAKED ABOARD A NATIONALIST PLANE FLYING A **TON OF GOLD BULLION** TO THE U.S. FOR SAFE-KEEPING...AND ACTUALLY CAPTURED IT?

YES, BUT SINCE WE COULDN'T COME DOWN AT ANY OFFICIAL AIRPORT, WE WERE FORCED TO CRASH-LAND THE PLANE IN SOME ISOLATED MOUNTAINS--AND BURY THE GOLD IN A HIDDEN SPOT!



WE DECIDED TO KEEP THE GOLD FOR **OURSELVES**, AND KNEW WE'D NEED A MAN OF MUCH SECRET INFLUENCE TO DISPOSE OF THE BULLION! I THOUGHT OF YOU, YANG...MY AMERICAN KINSMAN! OUR WHOLE FAMILY IN CHINA HAS HEARD OF YOUR RISE TO POWER AS HEAD OF THE GREEN DRAGON TONG...AND I KNEW YOU'D HELP ME...FOR A SHARE OF THE GOLD, OF COURSE!

HM... HOW DO I KNOW THAT YOU'RE **REALLY** A RELATIVE... THAT THIS ISN'T SOME RIVAL TONG PLOT TO TRICK ME?



HERE'S **PROOF** THAT I'M A KINSMAN! OUR FAMILY TALISMAN...THE **JADE GODDESS!**

I BELIEVE! TELL ME... THE EXACT LOCATION OF THE BURIED GOLD...IS IT WRITTEN DOWN?



YES...CAREFULLY WRITTEN ON A PIECE OF PAPER I HAVE...

THAT'S ALL I WANTED TO KNOW, FOOL! **SHOOT THEM DOWN, MEN... BOTH OF THEM! THE GOLD WILL BE OURS!**

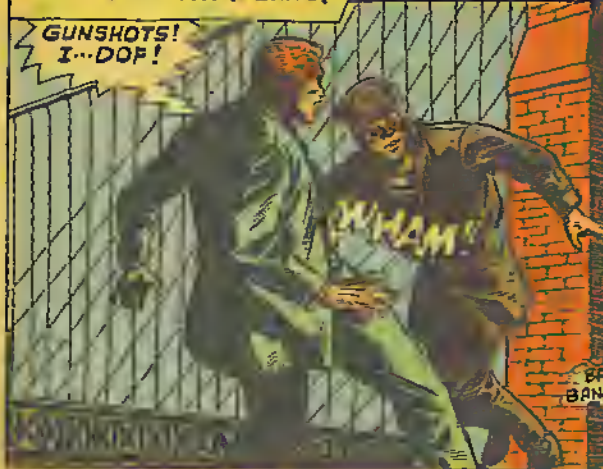


TRAITORS! I MUST... FLEE...



HE DROPPED THE TALISMAN... BUT HE'S GETTING AWAY! AFTER HIM...HE MUST HAVE THE PAPER WITH HIM! **QUICK...HE'S HEADING FOR THE BRIDGE!**

"ARE YOU WONDERING WHERE I COME INTO THIS STORY, READER? RIGHT HERE---WITH A BANG!"



GUNSHOTS!
I...DOP!

I DON'T KNOW WHAT THIS IS ALL ABOUT, PAL---BUT WHEN THE BULLETS ARE FLYING, I SHOOT FIRST AND ASK QUESTIONS AFTERWARDS!



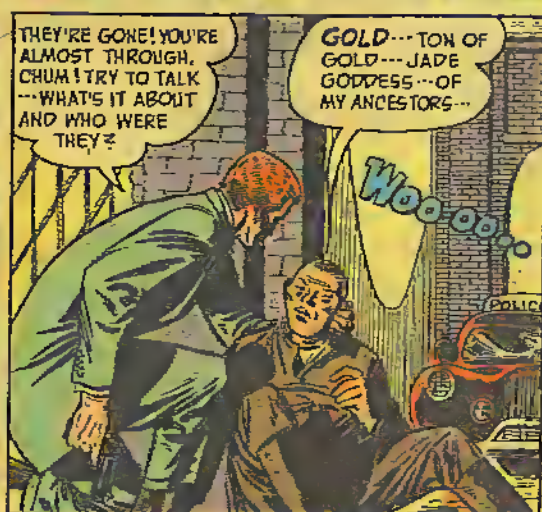
UGH! TAKE COVER! THE AMERICAN SHOTS LIKE A DEVIL!

WOOOOO...
LISTEN---A POLICE SIREN! SCATTER QUICKLY!



THEY'RE GONE! YOU'RE ALMOST THROUGH, CHUM! TRY TO TALK---WHAT'S IT ABOUT AND WHO WERE THEY?

GOLD---TON OF GOLD---JADE GODDESS---OF MY ANCESTORS---
WOOOOO...



THOSE WERE THE ONLY WORDS HE UTTERED---BEFORE HE SHUDDERED AND DIED! THERE WASN'T ANY TIME TO PONDER THEIR MEANING, FOR NEXT MOMENT THERE CAME THE FAMILIAR, IRRITATING VOICE OF INSPECTOR GRAVEL OF THE HOMICIDE SQUAD! IT WOULD BE HIM!

LOOKS LIKE I GOT YOU WITH THE GOODS THIS TIME---EH, DANGER? A DEAD BODY. YOU WITH A GUN IN YOUR HAND---

WISE UP, NATURE BOY! JUST TAKE A LOOK AT THE BODY, AND YOU'LL SEE THAT THE BULLET HOLES ARE FROM SOME SMALL-CALIBRE PISTOL, PROBABLY A .32---AND YOU KNOW I PACK A .45! YOU DON'T RAILROAD ME THIS TIME!

I DON'T KNOW FROM NOTHING ABOUT THIS DEAL, SEE? THE GUY WAS BEING CHASED BY A MOB---AND LEADS 'EM SLAMBANG INTO ME! SURE I FIRED BACK---I'M NO CLAY PIGEON!

AWRIGHT---MAYBE YOU DIDN'T KILL HIM---BUT I GOT A HUNCH YOU KNOW MORE THAN YOU'RE SAYING! AND SO HELP ME, IF I FIND YOU'RE HOLDING OUT ON ME, I'LL HAVE YOUR GUN AND BADGE BEFORE YOU CAN TAKE A DEEP BREATH!



ON THAT SWEET PROMISE, HE BLEW.---LEAVING ME WITH ONE GRADE-A IDEA!

IF INSPECTOR GRAVEL THINKS I'M TIED IN WITH THIS CASE, MAYBE I CAN MAKE EVERYONE ELSE THINK SO! IF I GET THE PAPERS TO PLAY ME UP BIG, IT'LL BE SWELL PUBLICITY---WHICH IS A SURE WAY TO CATCH REAL, PAYING CLIENTS!



HEY, EMMY! BUZZ ALL THE NEWS-PAPERS RIGHT AWAY AND TELL 'EM TO SEND UP THEIR ACE REPORTERS PRONTO FOR A HOT STORY! IT'S A PHONEY, BUT LISTEN! IF ANYONE ASKS YOU WHAT I KNOW ABOUT THE CHINESE GOLD BULLION CASE, TELL 'EM THAT I KNOW ALL ABOUT IT--AND THAT I'LL CRACK THE CASE WIDE OPEN AS SOON AS I GET AROUND TO IT!

SOUNDS CRAZY TO ME... BUT I'M USED TO ANYTHING, WORKING FOR YOU!

THAT'S RIGHT, BOYS... IT WAS NO ACCIDENT, MY BEING ON THE BRIDGE! I'D ARRANGED TO MEET THE MURDERED MAN... I NEVER DREAMED HE'D BE FOLLOWED BY A GANG TRYING TO STEAL HIS TON OF GOLD! ...I KNOW WHERE THAT SECRET GOLD IS--AND DANNY DANGER WON'T LET ANY THIEVES GET THEIR HANDS ON IT!

WOW... WOTTA STORY!

"WHEN THE EVENING EDITIONS HIT THE STANDS, I STOOD BACK AND GRINNED! I KNEW I'D GET RESULTS SOON!"



BUT THE FIRST RESULT WAS ONE THAT I HADN'T FIGURED ON... INSPECTOR GRAVEL!"

YOU... YOU DOUBLE-TALKING PHONEY! FIRST YOU TELL ME YOU KNOW NOTHING ABOUT THE CASE... AND THEN YOU ADMIT TO THE PAPERS THAT YOU KNOW ALL ABOUT IT! YOU'LL EITHER SPILL IT OR...

EASY, INSPECTOR... HOLD IT! I DID LIE... BUT TO THE PAPERS, NOT TO YOU! WAIT, I'LL PROVE IT... EMMY, TELL HIM HOW MUCH I REALLY KNOW ABOUT THE WHOLE AFFAIR!

ER... LET'S SEE, NOW... OH, YES! MR. DANGER KNOWS ALL ABOUT THE CHINESE GOLD BULLION CASE! HE WILL CRACK IT WIDE OPEN AS SOON AS HE GETS AROUND TO IT!"

THAT DOES IT, DANGER! TALK!

OH-HHH! YOU MIGHT KNOW THAT THE FIRST TIME EMMY EVER OBEYED ORDERS 100 PERCENT, IT'D BE AT A TIME LIKE THIS!

GET THIS, DANGER! YOU'VE GOT TILL TOMORROW TO GIVE ME THE DOPE--OR START READING THE HELP WANTED COLUMNS!

DON'T THREATEN ME, BLUBBER-LIP! AND DON'T WORRY... A DAY IS ALL I NEED TO SOLVE A CASE THAT YOU COULDN'T CRACK IN A CENTURY!

"I COULDN'T SLEEP THAT NIGHT! I KNEW I HAD TO GET A LEAD ON THE MURDER OF THAT CHINA-MAN, AND FAST--OR WIND UP AN EX-DETECTIVE!"

HANG IT, I DON'T EVEN KNOW WHERE TO START IN! THINK I'LL WANDER DOWN TO THE OFFICE... I CAN ALWAYS WORRY BETTER THERE THAN I CAN HERE!





"THERE WAS REASON FOR WORRY AT MY OFFICE... FOR I WALKED IN ON..."

OH, OH... VISITORS!



JUST CALL ME THE RECEPTION COMMITTEE!

WHAM!



BUT NEXT TIME... WAIT FOR AN INVITATION!

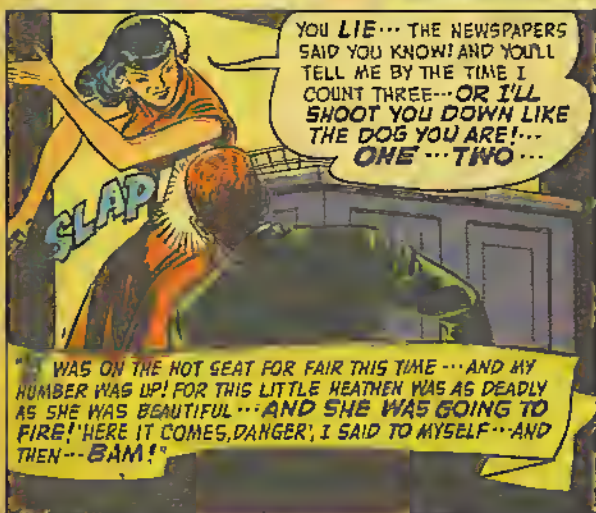


GAK!



DON'T MOVE, YOU DOG... JUST TELL ME THE LOCATION OF THAT GOLO BULLION!

I...WISH I KNEW, YOU LITTLE WILDCAT!



YOU LIE... THE NEWSPAPERS SAID YOU KNOW! AND YOU'LL TELL ME BY THE TIME I COUNT THREE...OR I'LL SHOOT YOU DOWN LIKE THE DOG YOU ARE!... ONE...TWO...



"IT WAS A SHOT, ALL RIGHT...BUT WHY DIDN'T I FEEL ANYTHING? WHY WASN'T IT MY VOICE, SCREAMING OUT IN PAIN THAT WAY?"

THREE... OW-WWWW!

BANG!

"I WAS ON THE HOT SEAT FOR FAIR THIS TIME...AND MY HUMBER WAS UP! FOR THIS LITTLE HEATHEN WAS AS DEADLY AS SHE WAS BEAUTIFUL...AND SHE WAS GOING TO FIRE! 'HERE IT COMES, DANGER,' I SAID TO MYSELF...AND THEN...BAM!"



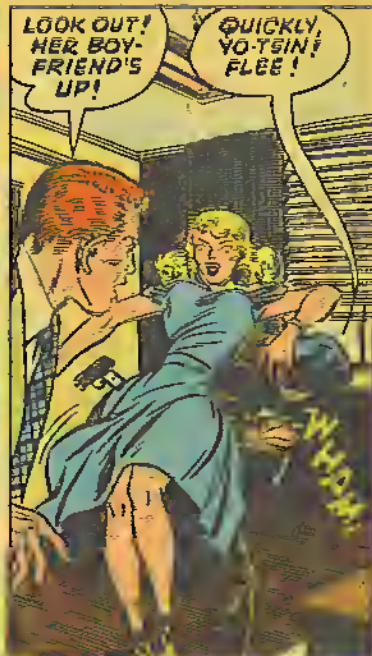
"I REALIZED THEN THAT THE BULLET HADN'T HIT ME, BUT HAD KNOCKED THE GUN OUT OF LITTLE SIANT-EYE'S HAND---FIRED BY THE MOST GORGEOUS HUNK OF PULCHRITUDE THE OLD MASTER HAD EVER GLIMMED!"

BABY, I DON'T KNOW WHO YOU ARE--- BUT I LOVE YOU!



THANK HEAVENS I GOT HERE IN TIME! WHAT'LL WE DO WITH THIS--- MURDERESS?

WELL, I---

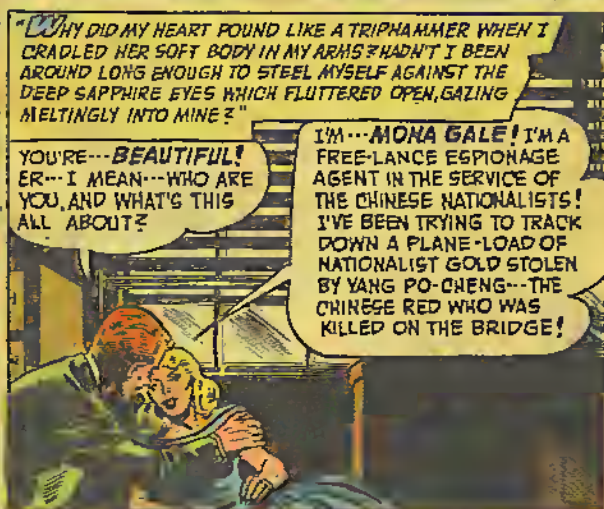


LOOK OUT! HER BOY-FRIEND'S UP!

QUICKLY, YO-TSIN! FLEE!



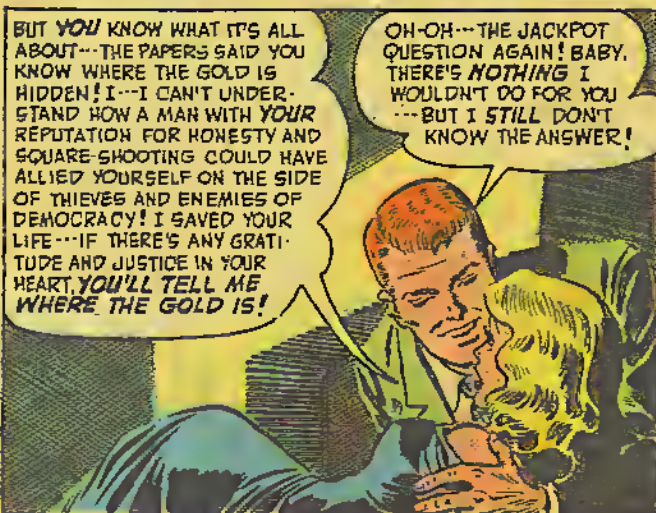
CONFOUND IT, I'VE GOTTA LET 'EM GET AWAY! I CAN'T LEAVE BLONDIE AFTER WHAT SHE DID FOR ME--- SHE MAY BE BADLY HURT!



"WHY DID MY HEART POUND LIKE A TRIPHAMMER WHEN I CRADLED HER SOFT BODY IN MY ARMS? HADN'T I BEEN AROUND LONG ENOUGH TO STEEL MYSELF AGAINST THE DEEP SAPPHIRE EYES WHICH FLUTTERED OPEN, GAZING MELTINGLY INTO MINE?"

YOU'RE--- BEAUTIFUL! ER--- I MEAN--- WHO ARE YOU, AND WHAT'S THIS ALL ABOUT?

I'M--- MONA GALE! I'M A FREE-LANCE ESPIONAGE AGENT IN THE SERVICE OF THE CHINESE NATIONALISTS! I'VE BEEN TRYING TO TRACK DOWN A PLANE-LOAD OF NATIONALIST GOLD STOLEN BY YANG PO-CHENG--- THE CHINESE RED WHO WAS KILLED ON THE BRIDGE!



BUT YOU KNOW WHAT IT'S ALL ABOUT--- THE PAPERS SAID YOU KNOW WHERE THE GOLD IS HIDDEN! I--- I CAN'T UNDERSTAND HOW A MAN WITH YOUR REPUTATION FOR HONESTY AND SQUARE-SHOOTING COULD HAVE ALLIED YOURSELF ON THE SIDE OF THIEVES AND ENEMIES OF DEMOCRACY! I SAVED YOUR LIFE--- IF THERE'S ANY GRATITUDE AND JUSTICE IN YOUR HEART, YOU'LL TELL ME WHERE THE GOLD IS!

OH-OH--- THE JACKPOT QUESTION AGAIN! BABY, THERE'S NOTHING I WOULDN'T DO FOR YOU --- BUT I STILL DON'T KNOW THE ANSWER!

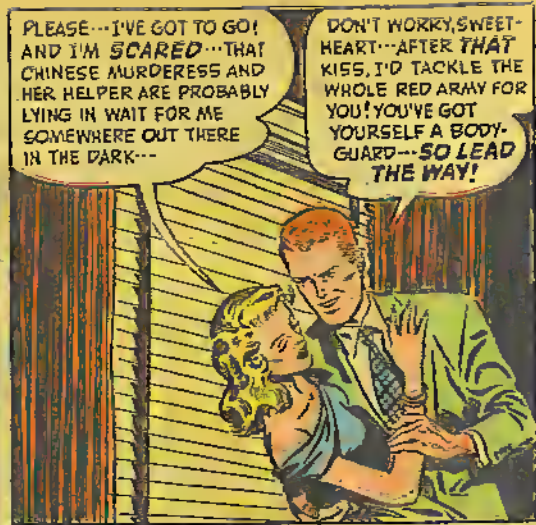


OF COURSE YOU KNOW! YOU--- YOU DON'T TRUST ME --- YOU DON'T THINK ENOUGH OF ME TO TELL ME!

OH, NO? KID, IN ONE SECOND I'M GOING TO SHOW YOU HOW MUCH I THINK OF YOU --- AND MEAN IT!



OH-HHH!



PLEASE...I'VE GOT TO GO!
AND I'M SCARED...THAT
CHINESE MURDERESS AND
HER HELPER ARE PROBABLY
LYING IN WAIT FOR ME
SOMEWHERE OUT THERE
IN THE DARK---

DON'T WORRY, SWEET-
HEART...AFTER THAT
KISS, I'D TACKLE THE
WHOLE RED ARMY FOR
YOU! YOU'VE GOT
YOURSELF A BODY-
GUARD...SO LEAD
THE WAY!



"AND SO I TAGGED ALONG...TO..."

HEY, ISN'T THIS
CHINATOWN?
HOW COME YOU
HEADED HERE?

WHERE ELSE WOULD
A GIRL COME WHO'S
WORKING FOR THE
CHINESE NATIONALISTS?
COME ON IN---I CAN'T
WAIT TO TALK TO
YOU---ALONE!



"ALONE! THAT DID IT! WE WERE NO SOONER INSIDE
THAN HER BEAUTY SWEEP OVER ME LIKE A RUSHING
TIDE! I TOOK HER IN MY ARMS..."

MONA! YOU'RE
THE GIRL I'VE BEEN
WAITING FOR...FOR
A LIFETIME!

HOW
ROMANTIC!
BUT WE'VE BEEN
WAITING FOR
YOU!



WHAT THE...!
WHAT IS THIS
---A TRAP?

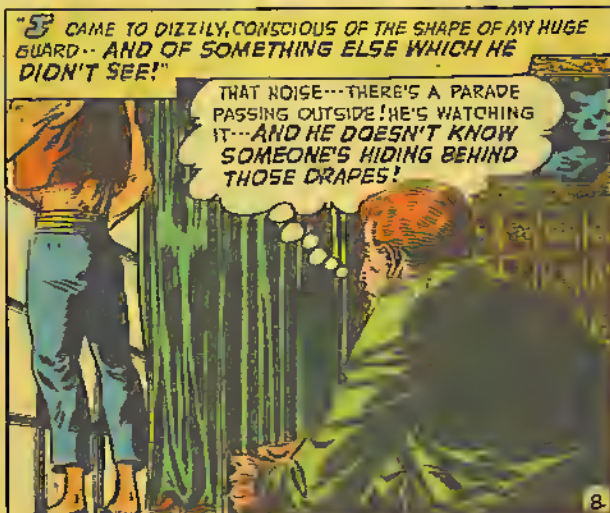
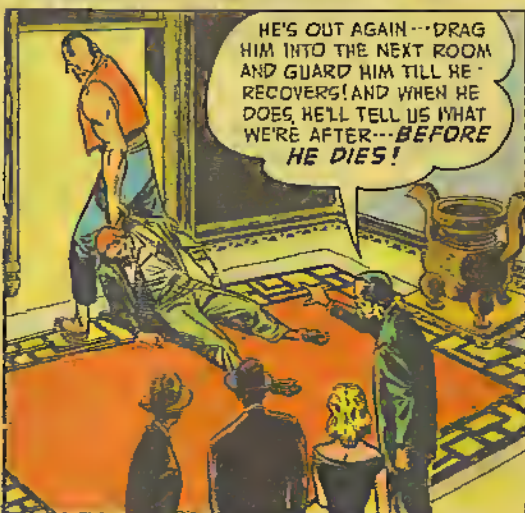
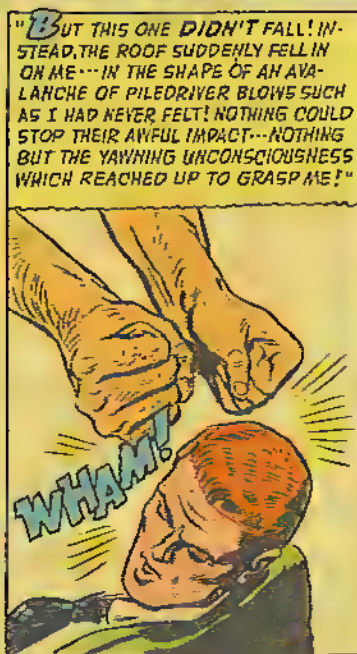
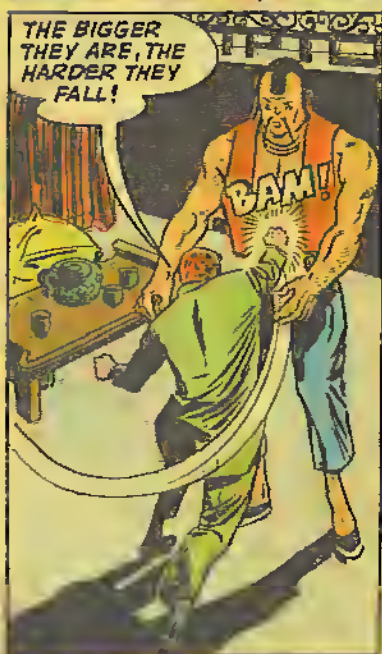
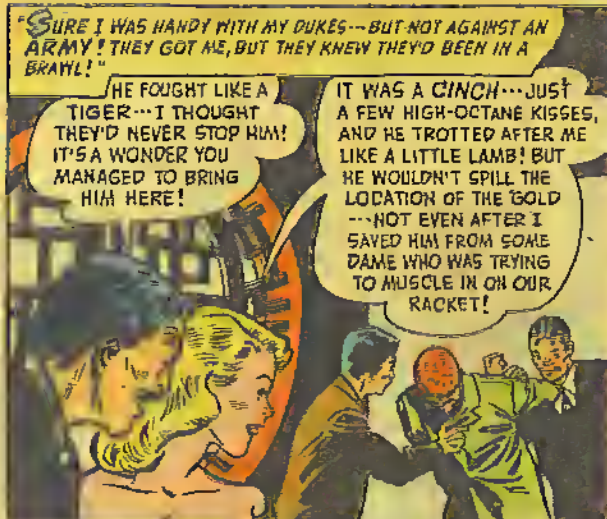
EXACTLY! AND I
HOPE YOU'VE GOT
SENSE ENOUGH
NOT TO RESIST
ME--YANG WAN-HO,
HEAD OF THE
GREEN DRAGON
TONG!



MAYBE YOU'RE
SHORT ON SENSE,
RAT---TRY SOME
INCENSE!



HE'S KILLING
WAN-HO! STOP
HIM,
QUICK!





HOLY SHOCK--IT'S YO-TSIN, THE GAL WHO TRIED TO KILL ME BACK IN MY OFFICE! AND NOW SHE'S GOING TO KNIFE ME!

SH-HHH!



DON'T WORRY... HE'S LOOKING OUT THE WINDOW, AND THE NOISE OF THE PARADE'S DISTRACTING HIM! I'LL HAVE YOU FREE IN A SECOND!

I DON'T KNOW! WHAT GAVE YOU THIS SUDDEN CHANGE OF HEART KID, BUT THANKS! NOW LISTEN--SNEAK UP ON ONE SIDE OF LING AND SHOUT HIS NAME--WHILE I KONK HIM FROM THE OTHER SIDE!



LING!

HUH? UGH!

CRASH!



IT WORKED... HE'S OUT COLD! HOW'S ABOUT TELLING ME WHO YOU ARE... AND WHAT'S GOING ON?

THESE CREDENTIALS WILL TELL YOU... I'M YO-TSIN, SECRET AGENT FOR THE CHINESE NATIONALIST GOVERNMENT! WHEN THE NEWSPAPERS REPORTED THAT YOU KNEW THE LOCATION OF OUR STOLEN GOLD, I WENT TO YOUR OFFICE IN SEARCH OF IT! I WAS READY TO KILL YOU AS AN ENEMY--BUT WHEN I FOLLOWED YOU HERE, I LEARNED THE REAL TRUTH!



"I FOUND MYSELF ALMOST SHOUTING ABOVE THE CLATTER OF THE PASSING PARADE--"

WH-HUH... I'M ON *YOUR* SIDE, YO-TSIN... BUT I STILL CAN'T HELP YOU! THE ONLY THING I KNOW ABOUT THE GOLD IS THAT THE CHINESE RED MENTIONED IT JUST BEFORE HE DIED ON THE BRIDGE!

THEN *THINK*... DIDN'T HE SAY ANYTHING ELSE THAT MIGHT GIVE US A CLUE TO ITS LOCATION?



NOPE, THAT WAS ALL... WAIT! I JUST REMEMBERED... HE ALSO GASPED OUT SOMETHING ABOUT THE JADE GODDESS OF HIS ANCESTORS! SAY, THAT LOOKS LIKE A JADE GODDESS, DOESN'T IT?

YES! GRAB HOLD OF IT WHILE I BOLT THE DOOR--I THINK I HEAR THE TONG MEN RETURNING!



THERE THEY ARE! WHAT DO WE DO NOW?

SCRAM OUT OF THIS ROOM BEFORE THEY BREAK THE DOOR DOWN! THE WINDOW--THAT'S OUR ONLY CHANCE!

BAM! BAM!

IT'S TOO HIGH TO JUMP... BUT **LOOK!** THAT DRAGON FLOAT...IT'S USED TO SOLICIT CONTRIBUTIONS FROM PEOPLE WHO WATCH THE PARADE FROM WINDOWS! **CALL IT...QUICKLY!** IT'LL SWING OVER AND A MAN INSIDE WILL OPEN IT...

SMART GIRL!... **HEY! OVER HERE! I'VE GOT SOMETHING FOR YOU!**

YOU SAY YOU HAVE SOMETHING FOR ME, YES?

I SURE HAVE...BUT YOU'RE NOT GOING TO LIKE IT!



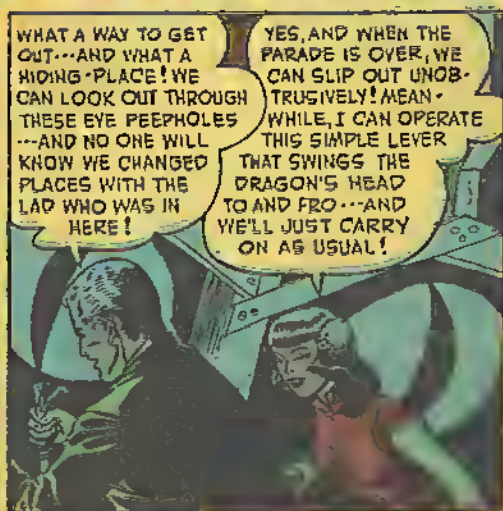
YII!

SORRY TO HAVE TO DO THIS, PAL... BUT IT'S A MATTER OF LIFE AND DEATH!...GET INSIDE, YO-TSIN... **HURRY!** I'LL BE RIGHT BEHIND YOU!



WHAT A WAY TO GET OUT...AND WHAT A HIDING-PLACE! WE CAN LOOK OUT THROUGH THESE EYE PEEPHOLES...AND NO ONE WILL KNOW WE CHANGED THE PLACES WITH THE LAD WHO WAS IN HERE!

YES, AND WHEN THE PARADE IS OVER, WE CAN SLIP OUT UNOBTRUSIVELY! MEANWHILE, I CAN OPERATE THIS SIMPLE LEVER THAT SWINGS THE DRAGON'S HEAD TO AND FRO...AND WE'LL JUST CARRY ON AS USUAL!



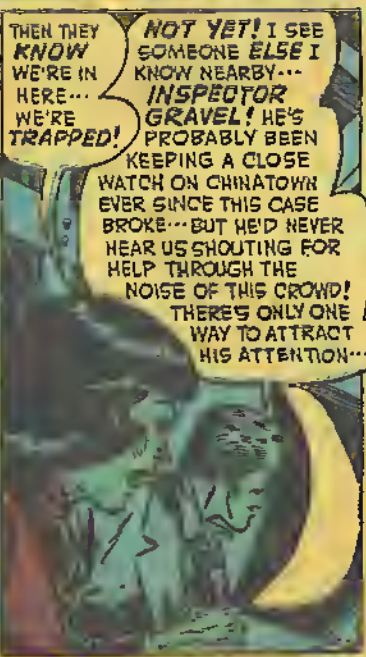
...THAT'S WHAT WE THOUGHT!"

LOOK! THERE'S WAN-HO AND HIS MEN-STALKING THE DRAGON! THE MAN WE YANKED OUT OF HERE MUST'VE TOLD 'EM WHAT HAPPENED!



THEN THEY **KNOW** WE'RE IN HERE... WE'RE **TRAPPED!**

NOT YET! I SEE SOMEONE ELSE I KNOW NEARBY... **INSPECTOR GRAVEL!** HE'S PROBABLY BEEN KEEPING A CLOSE WATCH ON CHINATOWN EVER SINCE THIS CASE BROKE...BUT HE'D NEVER HEAR US SHOUTING FOR HELP THROUGH THE NOISE OF THIS CROWD! THERE'S ONLY ONE WAY TO ATTRACT HIS ATTENTION...



EVERYTHING'S OKAY HERE, BOYS-LET'S GO...**OWWW!**





WELL, I'LL BE...!
THIS WALLET BELONGS
TO **DANNY DANGER**—
HERE'S HIS PRIVATE
INVESTIGATOR'S LICENSE
AND PHOTO! WHERE'D IT
COME FROM—WHERE
IS HE? I'LL KILL
HIM!

IT CAME FROM
THAT DRAGON'S
HEAD, INSPECTOR
—AND THERE
HE IS, CLIMB-
ING OUT OF
IT!



HURRY...UP
TO THE ROOF!
IT'S NOW OR
NEVER!

THERE THEY
GO! AFTER
THEM!



IT WAS NO
GO! THEY
HAD US!

WE'RE... CORNERED!
OH, WHERE'S YOUR
INSPECTOR GRAVEL?

NEVER AROUND WHEN
HE'S NEEDED...WE'LL
HAVE TO FEND FOR
OURSELVES! LUCKY
THIS HOUSE
OVERLOOKS
THE RIVER AND
WE'RE NOT
TOO HIGH
UP TO...



...JUMP!



THEY'LL HAVE
TO CLIMB OUT
ON THE PIER!
WE'LL GET
THEM
THERE!

SPLASH!



OH, DANNY... I NEVER
DREAMT YOUR ARMS
WERE SO **STRONG!**

WE'LL GO INTO *THAT*
LATER, DREAMBOAT!
FIRST OFF, I WANT TO
SEE WHAT GIVES WITH
THAT JADE FIGURINE
IN MY POCKET!



HMM...MUST'VE
BUSTED IT WHEN I
JUMPED!...HEY, WHAT'S
THAT **PAPER** INSIDE?

DANNY... *THIS IS*
IT! IT GIVE THE
EXACT LOCATION
OF THE HIDDEN
GOLD!

IN WHICH
CASE...
HAND
IT
OVER!

"IT WAS WAN-HO AND HIS KATCHET-MEN--
AND OUR GOOSE WAS COOKED, CANTON-
ESE STYLE! BUT THEN MY EYES DETECT-
ED SOMETHING..."

SO! I NEVER GUESSED MY RED
KINSMAN PUT THE SECRET INSIDE
THE JADE GODDESS--LUCKILY,
I KEPT IT BECAUSE IT WAS A
FAMILY TALISMAN! YOU TWO
HAVE SERVED A USEFUL
PURPOSE, AND NOW--
**SHOOT THEM
DOWN!**

GET
READY
TO DUCK,
YO-TSIN!



NOW!

YAAGH!

THE
POLICE!
I'VE GOT
TO GET
AWAY--

RAT-TAT-TAT!



UGH!

YOU'RE STAYING TO
FACE THE MUSIC,
RAT--AND THAT
GUNFIRE SURE
IS SWEET
MUSIC TO
MY
EARS!

DON'T START THANKING ME, DANGER
--I JUST SAVED YOUR WORTHLESS
NECK SO I COULD PAY YOU BACK
FOR THROWING THAT WALLET AND
GIVING ME THIS **BLACK EYE!**
AND NOW I'VE GOT SOME-
THING FOR **YOU**--

SIMMER DOWN, SWEETHEART
--I'M NOT THROUGH GIVING
YOU THINGS YET! IF YOU'LL
LOOK AT THE PAPER NEAR THE
MAN YOU JUST SHOT, YOU'LL
FIND THE SECRET LOCATION
OF A TON OF CHINESE NATIONAL-
IST GOLD--AND **YOU** CAN TAKE
ALL THE CREDIT FOR HAVING
CRACKED THE CASE!



THAT WAS **NOBLE** OF YOU, DANNY! BUT
WHY SHOULD YOU RISK YOUR LIFE AND
NOT GET ANY CREDIT FOR IT?

CREDIT? I CAN'T BUY GROCERIES
WITH **THAT**--BUT I SURE CAN WITH
ALL THAT **REWARD MONEY** YOU'RE
GOING TO PERSUADE THE
NATIONALISTS TO GIVE
ME FOR REGAINING
THEIR GOLD!



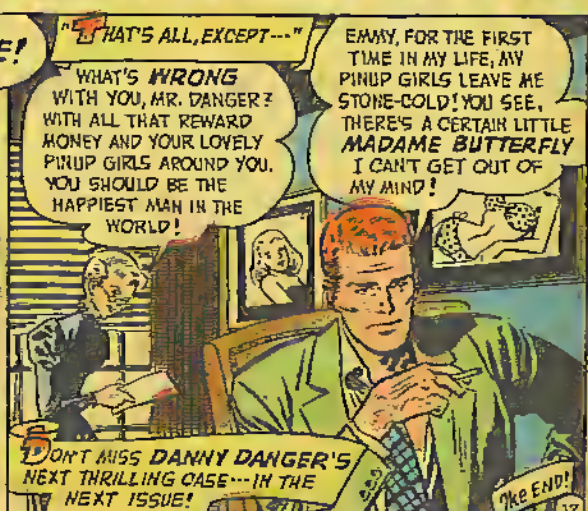
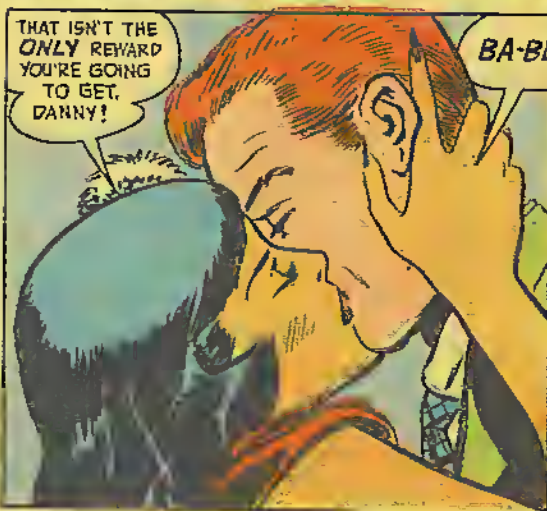
THAT ISN'T THE
ONLY REWARD
YOU'RE GOING
TO GET,
DANNY!

BA-BEE!

"THAT'S ALL, EXCEPT--"

WHAT'S **WRONG**
WITH YOU, MR. DANGER?
WITH ALL THAT REWARD
MONEY AND YOUR LOVELY
PINUP GIRLS AROUND YOU,
YOU SHOULD BE THE
HAPPIEST MAN IN THE
WORLD!

EMMY, FOR THE FIRST
TIME IN MY LIFE, MY
PINUP GIRLS LEAVE ME
STONE-COLD! YOU SEE,
THERE'S A CERTAIN LITTLE
MADAME BUTTERFLY
I CAN'T GET OUT OF
MY MIND!



DON'T MISS **DANNY DANGER'S**
NEXT THRILLING CASE--IN THE
NEXT ISSUE!

THE END!

The SPY who GLOWED

THE PAIN around Saul Hollister's heart was a little more intense by the time he reached the doctor's office, and he was glad he'd decided to stop there before delivering the important, top-secret documents he was carrying to the Defense Department.

Inside, the nurse said that Dr. Malone would see him in a few minutes, and Saul eased himself into a chair in the waiting room, still carefully holding onto his dispatch case. The moment he sank back into the soft, leathery depths, all the troubles of the last few weeks rose up into his consciousness to plague him anew. First, there was the problem of his health. He knew he'd reached the voluntary retirement age of 60 for confidential messengers in the Defense Department, just as he knew that some of his superiors were beginning to think of asking him to resign before the mandatory retirement age of 65. But Saul knew he still had five good years of service to the government left in him, and to convince himself that he was fit, he'd paid a visit to Dr. Malone, a heart specialist with an excellent reputation in Washington.

The doctor had told him that his heart was somewhat strained, but still in good shape...and that the injections he'd give him would enable him to carry on easily for many more years. But soon after the injections started a few weeks ago, he began having heart pains, and usually had to stop in to see Dr. Malone in the middle of the day, interrupting his delivery of important documents from one government building to another. The doctor had again reassured him, saying that the pains were merely caused by anxiety...and that daily injections would soon stop them.

But although the pains hadn't stopped, Saul had even greater worries. He'd been told yesterday that Counter-Intelligence had learned that a number of top-secret

plans had leaked out to a foreign power in recent weeks...the very same plans that Saul had been responsible for delivering in those weeks. Although Saul knew his loyalty wasn't being questioned, he realized that the finger of suspicion was definitely on him...because the only other persons who had access to the secret plans were high Defense and State Department officials, who were above suspicion.

"Think hard, Saul," the Department's Message Center Chief had said. "Did you violate regulations at any time in those weeks, and let your dispatch case go out of your possession...even for a minute?"

When Saul had vigorously denied doing anything so foolish and so dangerous to the country's security, the Chief had shrugged. "Well, Saul," he'd said, "you do have forty years of faithful service behind you, so there's no doubt about your loyalty. But you are getting on in years, of course, and it's possible your mind has begun playing tricks on you...perhaps you're in the habit of leaving your dispatch case on the chair in a restaurant while you go to wash up...and you just don't remember it. If you can't prove that you aren't responsible for the leaks of those secrets, I'm afraid I'll have to ask for your resignation at the end of the week!"

Sitting in the chair in the waiting room, Saul laughed bitterly to himself. *Prove!* How could he prove he wasn't guilty? There wasn't a chance in the world of...

The nurse's cold voice broke into his thoughts. "Dr. Malone will see you now, Mr. Hollister."

As Saul walked into the inner office, still clutching his dispatch case, a bell suddenly seemed to ring in his mind. Dr. Malone! The secrets had begun being stolen in the same week that he'd begun seeing Dr. Malone! Was it just a

strange coincidence, or...something else?

"Well, well, Mr. Hollister," the bluff, hearty voice of Dr. Malone boomed out at him, "you're looking better today. Come right in here and strip to the waist while I get the injection ready."

Saul looked at the smiling eyes and good-natured expression on the doctor's face, and nodded...not trusting himself to speak. Now he remembered...every time he came here, he left his jacket and shirt and dispatch case in the fluoroscope room, and then went into the examination room for the injection. And each time, the doctor had made him lie down in the examination room for five minutes after the injection...time enough for...

A cold sweat broke out on Saul's body as he swiftly took his jacket off. The doctor was busy in the next room, and perhaps now Saul would have time enough to do his work. With the plan forming swiftly in his mind, Saul took out his pocket knife, and bent over the fluoroscope screen. When he had scraped off enough of the fluorescent powder, he swiftly opened his dispatch case with the keys he kept in his inside jacket pocket, and carefully dusted the documents inside with the faint powder. Relocking the case and replacing the keys in his jacket took only a few seconds more, and when Dr. Malone came back into the fluoroscope room with his needle and syringe ready, Saul was struggling out of his shirt.

"Hmmm, rather slow today, aren't you?" the doctor beamed.

"Yes," Saul's voice came muffled through his shirt so that the doctor couldn't see his expression. "I have been kind of slowing down lately."

After the injection, the doctor made him lie down in the examination room as usual, and Saul strained to distinguish the sounds that came from the fluoroscope room, where Dr. Malone was bustling about. Finally, when the five

minutes were up, Saul entered the room and found the doctor sitting and writing a prescription for him...the picture of innocence, Saul thought grimly.

"By the way, doctor," Saul said. "Do you have an ultra-violet lamp here?"

"Why, yes," the doctor said without looking up. "Right behind the desk. Why do you ask?"

Saul didn't answer, and when Dr. Malone heard the switch of the lamp being turned on, he looked up in surprise.

"Your hands, doctor," Saul said, grimly focusing the ultra-violet lamp on him. "Look at your hands!"

Dr. Malone looked down at his hands...and gaped at the bright fluorescent glow that came from them. "All right, Doctor Spy," Saul said, "your game's up! Your hands were contaminated from the fluoroscopic powder I dusted my secret documents with, and that powder always glows under ultra-violet light!"

With an oath, Dr. Malone reached into his desk drawer for his gun, but the heavy lamp suddenly came crashing down on his brilliantly glowing hands...and in the next moment, Saul was bringing the heavy paper weight he had snatched up from the desk smashing down on the doctor's skull.

Reaching into the drawer for the gun, Saul smiled thinly down at the unconscious figure of the doctor. "That was a pretty neat plot," Saul told the unheeding spy. "You injected drugs into me to cause the heart-pain, making me come back again and again...so that you could do a quick job of photostating my documents while I was in the next room! But you're not only a rotten spy, you're also a rotten doctor...because that pain in my heart is gone for good...now that I know I'll be able to keep my job!"

And as Saul began dialing the Secret Service number, a sudden thought made him grin broadly. "Who knows...maybe I'll even be promoted to the Counter-Espionage Corps!"

"U.S. ROYAL"

WITH HIS
JET-PROPELLED BIKE



"SAVING THE
FARMER'S CROP"



AT A SMALL
RURAL
AIRPORT,
TWO
CUNNING
SCHEMERS
WATCH A CROP-
DUSTING
PLANE
TAKE OFF
FOR
FARMER
JONES'
FIELDS...

WE DID IT, BOSS!
THAT PILOT DOESN'T
KNOW IT - BUT HE'S
GOT A SPRAY-TANK
FULL OF PLANT KILLER
--NOT BUG POISON!

WELL, JONES WANTS HIS
CROPS SPRAYED--AND I
WANT HIS CUSTOMERS! THIS
OUGHT TO PUT HIM OUT OF
BUSINESS FOR A WHILE!

BUT DEPUTY U.S. ROYAL AND THE BIKE CLUB
BOYS OVERHEAR THE SINISTER PLOT AND--

FELLAS, YOU GET THE POLICE
AFTER THOSE TWO, WHILE I
HOP ON MY JET-PROPELLED
BIKE AND CATCH UP
WITH THAT PLANE!

HE'S STARTING TO SPRAY
THE CROPS-- GOTTA
STOP HIM BEFORE HE
DOES TOO MUCH
DAMAGE!

ROYAL RACES ALONG THE ROAD AT THE
CROP'S EDGE AND-- WITH HIS JET EXHAUST
-- SPELLS OUT A MORSE CODE WARNING
TO THE UNSUSPECTING PILOT!

WHAT'S GOING
ON DOWN--
S-T-O-P--
GUESS I'D BETTER
LAND AND SEE
WHAT IT'S
ALL ABOUT!

LATER...

MR. JONES, I HATE
TO THINK WHAT I'D HAVE
DONE TO YOUR CROP IF IT
HADN'T BEEN FOR ROYAL'S
TERRIFIC SPEED AND THOSE
JET SIGNALS!

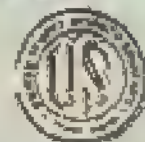
AND THANKS TO THE
SPEED OF THE BOYS
HERE, THE MEN BEHIND
THIS PLOT ARE NOW
BEHIND BARS!

FELLAS, FOR TOP SPEED-- SURE
FOOTING-- AND SPLIT-SECOND
CONTROL-- YOU CAN'T BEAT
U.S. ROYAL BIKE TIRES,
WITH THAT SPECIAL
BUILT-IN SKID CHAIN!

"TAKE MY TIP ON BIKE TIRES--
TAKE THE TIRE WITH THE BUILT-
IN SKID CHAIN"... SAYS U.S. ROYAL

NO WONDER U.S. ROYALS ARE TOPS
IN BIKE TIRES... THAT BUILT-IN
SKID CHAIN GIVES QUICKER, SURER
STOPS ON ANY SURFACE. GET
YOUR U.S. ROYALS TODAY!

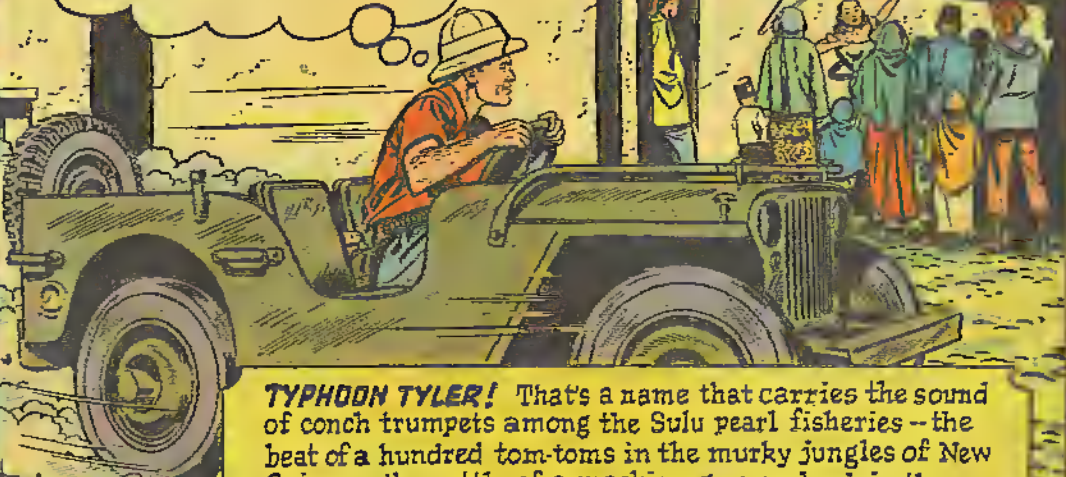
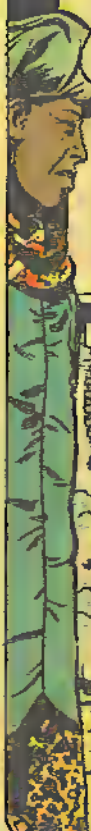
U.S. ROYAL
BIKE TIRES



Products of
UNITED STATES RUBBER COMPANY

Typhoon TYLER

FOR SEVERAL DAYS, NOW, I'VE HAD THE FEELING I'M BEING SHADOWED-- AND NOT BEING THE LAD TO SHY AWAY FROM TROUBLE, I FIGURE THE BEST WAY TO BRING THINGS TO A BOIL IS TO DRIVE OPENLY AROUND TOWN IN THIS OPEN JEEP! AFTER ALL-- THE **WORST** THAT CAN HAPPEN IS A BULLET IN THE BACK!



TYPHOON TYLER! That's a name that carries the sound of conch trumpets among the Sulu pearl fisheries -- the beat of a hundred tom-toms in the murky jungles of New Guinea -- the rattle of a machine-gun ambush in the China Sea! Look for him where dark-eyed beauties murmur their adoration in a dozen native tongues -- look for him wherever danger glides like a snake in the sultry night -- and then -- **WATCH TYPHOON TYLER!**

Optima Whitney



TIRE'S BLOWN -- AND I WON'T HAVE TO STRAIN MY BRAIN FIGURING **HOW!** SOME JOKESTER'S SCATTERED A HANDFUL OF UPHOLSTERY TACKS IN THE STREET!



ANYWAY, I COULDN'T WANT A BETTER PLACE TO STOP -- UNLESS THAT'S EXACTLY WHAT SOMEONE **ELSE** WANTS!



CLOSER AND CLOSER COME THE
FANGED HEAD AND CORAL-RED
LIPS -- AND THEN --

THAT CHICK WOULD HAVE
SOMETHING THERE IF THAT
DIDN'T HAPPEN TO BE A
PERFECTLY HARMLESS SNAKE!
BUT ON THE OTHER HAND --
MAYBE SHE **DOES** HAVE
SOMETHING THERE!

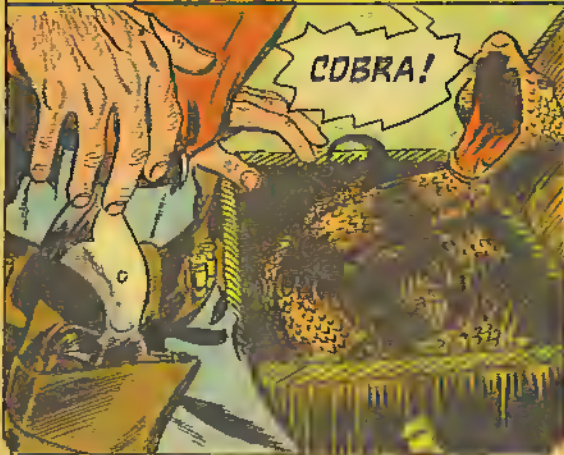
COME, YOU CHICKEN-HEARTED ONES
-- DO AS KARA DID! PAY A RUPEE IF
YOUR COURAGE FAILS -- CLAIM WHAT
YOU WILL IF YOU SUCCEED!

BABY-- I ALWAYS
COLLECT IN
ADVANCE!



FOR AN INSTANT, NO ONE STIRS -- NO ONE
MURMURS -- AND AS TYPHOON RAISES THE
BASKET LID --

COBRA!

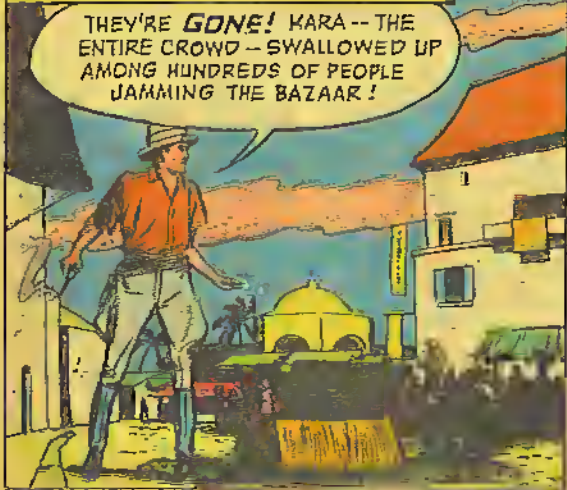


BANG!



THEN -- WHILE THE RIPPLING COILS
STILL QUIVER --

THEY'RE **GONE!** KARA -- THE
ENTIRE CROWD -- SWALLOWED UP
AMONG HUNDREDS OF PEOPLE
JAMMING THE BAZAAR!



WELL, I'VE PROVED **ONE** THING --
SOMEONE'S OUT TO KILL ME -- SOMEONE
WHO'S ABLE TO MAKE IT LOOK LIKE AN
ACCIDENT! AND, MUCH AS I'D LIKE TO
LOOK FOR KARA -- I MAY BE ABLE
TO SCARE UP MORE OF A LEAD
FROM THESE TACKS!



MINUTES LATER -- INSIDE THE ONLY LARGE SHOP IN TOWN --

LOOK, BUD! A FRIEND OF MINE BOUGHT THESE TACKS RECENTLY TO REPAIR HER FURNITURE -- AND SHE NEEDS MORE OF THEM!

AH, TUAN -- UPHOLSTERY TACKS CANNOT BE BOUGHT ANYWHERE IN INDONESIA! BUT WHY BOTHER WITH REPAIRS WHEN I, MEHMET HUSSEIN, HAVE THE BEST STOCK OF FURNITURE IN THE ORIENT?

SIT IN IT, TUAN -- TRY IT -- A VERITABLE THRONE OF THE PROPHET! SIXTY RUPEES -- AND LET MY PARTNER SPIT IN MY FACE WHEN HE LEARNS WHAT A FOOL I AM!

NOW I'M GETTING SOMEWHERE! TACKS WITH RIBBED HEADS -- EXACTLY LIKE THE ONES THAT STOPPED MY JEEP!



THAT'S STRANGE-- KARA DIDN'T MENTION BUYING HER CHAIRS **HERE!**

KARA? BUT OF COURSE SHE DID, TUAN! I MYSELF DELIVERED THEM -- TO PANDALAN 84!

PANDALAN 84! GUESS I'LL RETURN KARA'S TACKS -- IN EXCHANGE FOR A FEW POINTS FROM **HER!**

SO YOU REALLY **ARE** A SNAKE CHARMER, EH?

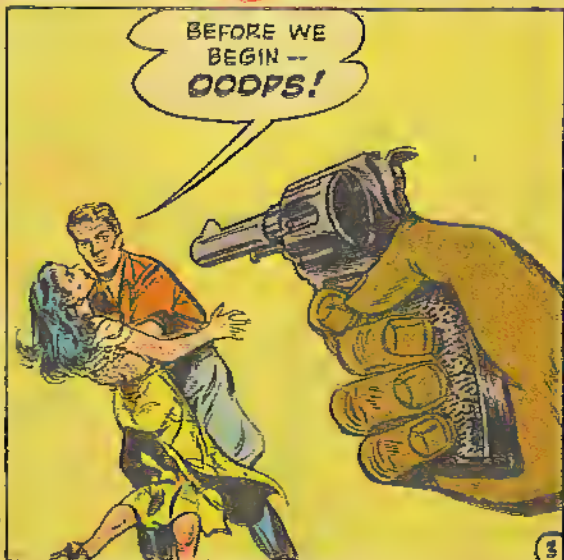
PURELY AN AMATEUR ONE -- CONSIDERING HOW READILY YOU FOUND ME!



I DUNNO, HONEY -- I'M **ONE** SNAKE YOU'VE GOT CHARMED SOLID!



BEFORE WE BEGIN -- **OOOPS!**





THE POLICE!

YEP-- MEMBERS OF THE SULTAN'S PERSONAL PATROL! THIS SEEMS TO BE QUITE AN OCCASION, SWEETHEART!



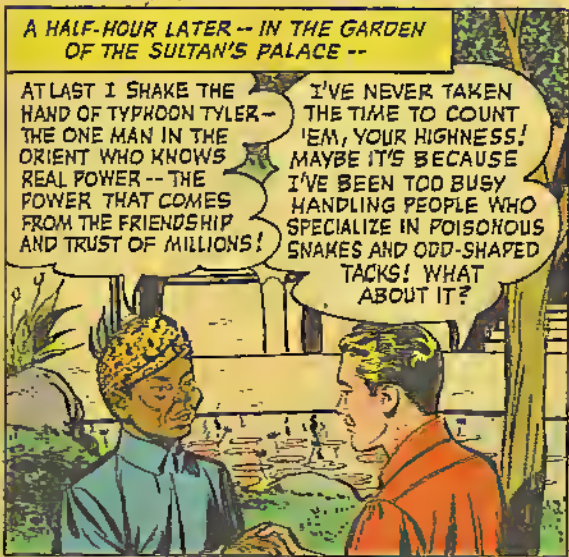
PARDON THE INTRUSION, TUAN! THE SULTAN HAS LEARNED OF A PLOT THAT WILL CONCERN MILLIONS OF MOSLEMS THROUGHOUT THE WORLD--AND **THIS** IS ONE OF THE TRAITORS INVOLVED!

COULD BE, BUD-- BUT WHAT I DON'T LATCH ONTO IS WHERE IT CONCERNS **ME!**



THE SULTAN HIMSELF WILL BE HONORED TO EXPLAIN!

O.K. --WHAT ARE WE WAITING FOR?



A HALF-HOUR LATER -- IN THE GARDEN OF THE SULTAN'S PALACE --

AT LAST I SHAKE THE HAND OF TYPHOON TYLER-- THE ONE MAN IN THE ORIENT WHO KNOWS REAL POWER-- THE POWER THAT COMES FROM THE FRIENDSHIP AND TRUST OF MILLIONS!

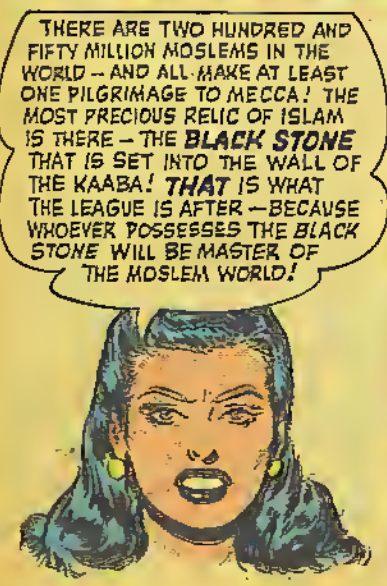
I'VE NEVER TAKEN THE TIME TO COUNT 'EM, YOUR HIGHNESS! MAYBE IT'S BECAUSE I'VE BEEN TOO BUSY HANDLING PEOPLE WHO SPECIALIZE IN POISONOUS SNAKES AND ODD-SHAPED TACKS! WHAT ABOUT IT?



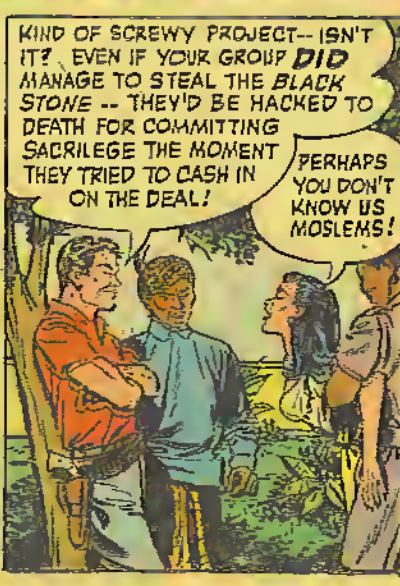
PERHAPS WE CAN GIVE YOU A FIRSTHAND ACCOUNT--FROM ONE OF THE PLOTTERS!

YES, I WILL TALK-- BUT IT WILL DO YOU NO GOOD! **THE LEAGUE IS READY TO STRIKE!**

ARE YOU READY TO CONFESS?

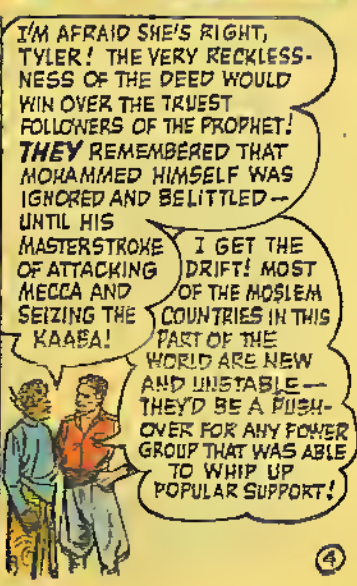


THERE ARE TWO HUNDRED AND FIFTY MILLION MOSLEMS IN THE WORLD -- AND ALL MAKE AT LEAST ONE PILGRIMAGE TO MECCA! THE MOST PRECIOUS RELIC OF ISLAM IS THERE -- THE **BLACK STONE** THAT IS SET INTO THE WALL OF THE KAABA! **THAT** IS WHAT THE LEAGUE IS AFTER -- BECAUSE WHOEVER POSSESSES THE **BLACK STONE** WILL BE MASTER OF THE MOSLEM WORLD!



KIND OF SCREWY PROJECT-- ISN'T IT? EVEN IF YOUR GROUP **DID** MANAGE TO STEAL THE **BLACK STONE** -- THEY'D BE HACKED TO DEATH FOR COMMITTING SACRILEGE THE MOMENT THEY TRIED TO CASH IN ON THE DEAL!

PERHAPS YOU DON'T KNOW US MOSLEMS!



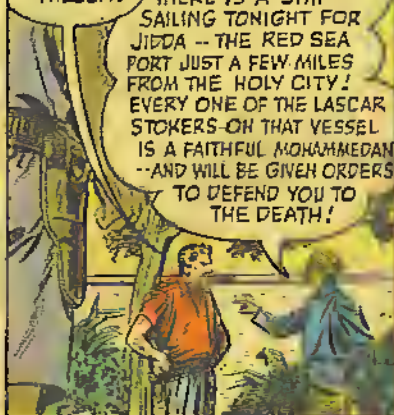
I'M AFRAID SHE'S RIGHT, TYLER! THE VERY RECKLESSNESS OF THE DEED WOULD WIN OVER THE TRUEST FOLLOWERS OF THE PROPHET! **THEY** REMEMBERED THAT MOHAMMED HIMSELF WAS IGNORED AND BELITTLED-- UNTIL HIS MASTERSTROKE OF ATTACKING MECCA AND SEIZING THE KAABA!

I GET THE DRIFT! MOST OF THE MOSLEM COUNTRIES IN THIS PART OF THE WORLD ARE NEW AND UNSTABLE -- THEY'D BE A PUSH-OVER FOR ANY POWER GROUP THAT WAS ABLE TO WHIP UP POPULAR SUPPORT!

EXACTLY! MOREOVER..
THE PLOT IS PAST THE
STAGE WHERE IT CAN BE
STIFLED BY POLICE OR ARMIES!
TRAPPING THE RINGLEADERS
NEEDS THE SKILL AND
DARING OF A SINGLE
MAN -- **YOU!**



THAT'S AN INTERESTING ASSIGN-
MENT -- BUT SUPPOSE THE LEAGUE
TRAPS **ME**
BEFORE
I REACH
MECCA!



WE HAVE WAYS TO
PROTECT OUR FRIENDS!
THERE IS A SHIP
SAILING TONIGHT FOR
JEDDA -- THE RED SEA
PORT JUST A FEW MILES
FROM THE HOLY CITY!
EVERY ONE OF THE LASCAR
STOKERS ON THAT VESSEL
IS A FAITHFUL MOHAMMEDAN
--AND WILL BE GIVEN ORDERS
TO DEFEND YOU TO
THE DEATH!

O.K., SULTAN -- YOU'VE GOT
YOURSELF A DEAL! -- BABY,
SOMETHING TELLS ME YOUR
PALS BETTER NOT COUNT
ON GETTING THE
BLACK STONE!

THERE IS
VERY MUCH
YOU ARE NOT
COUNTING ON!
REMEMBER **THAT**,
TYPHOON
TYLER!



A WEEK LATER -- AS THE SHIP SWARMING WITH
PILGRIMS ENTERS THE RED SEA --

I CAN'T GET KARA'S TAUNT OUT OF MY
MIND! WHAT MADE HER SO DEAD
CERTAIN THAT I'M BLUNDERING INTO
SOMETHING? WASN'T BEEN A NITCH SO
FAR -- THE OTHER PASSENGERS HAVE
TREATED ME LIKE A TIN GOD -- AND
THE SHIP'S MADE GOOD TIME...



FOR NEARLY FIVE MINUTES, TYPHOON WATCHES
THE SMOKE STREAMING FROM THE FUNNELS --
AND THEN --

WHAT A SUCKER **I'VE** BEEN --
LETTING MYSELF BE TALKED
INTO GOING TO MECCA BY THE
RAT WHO'S MASTERMINDING THE
ENTIRE PLOT! YEP --
THE SULTAN!



I WAS WILLING TO SET IT DOWN
AS PURE LUCK WHEN HIS COPS
RAIDED KARA'S APARTMENT JUST
IN TIME TO PREVENT ME FROM
DRAGGING HER TO THE CIVIL
AUTHORITIES! BUT NOW --
WHAT'S WITH THOSE STOKERS
I'M SUPPOSED TO BE TEAMED
WITH? THE SMOKE'S COMING
FROM THOSE FUNNELS IN A STEADY
FLOW -- WHICH MEANS THE BOILERS
ARE AUTOMATICALLY FIRED! WELL,
I CAN'T SWIM BACK -- AND
I DON'T AIM TO GET **SUNK**,
EITHER!



TWO DAYS LATER -- AS THE SHIP
ENTERS JEDDA HARBOR --

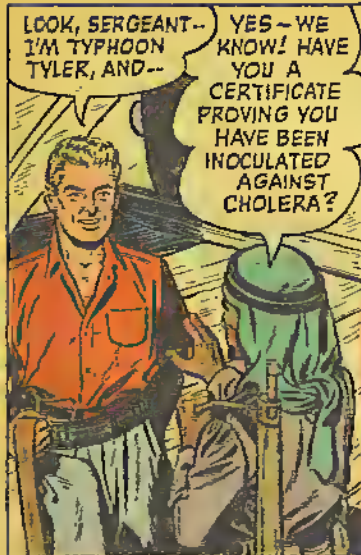
THERE IT IS -- SWARMING WITH
THOUSANDS OF THE FAITHFUL, ON
THEIR WAY TO MECCA -- EXCEPT
FOR THE HANDFUL OF KILLERS
WHO ARE BOUND TO BE
WAITING FOR **ME!**



SOON AFTERWARD --

THIS'LL BE A HELP! IF
THERE'S ANYTHING I CAN
USE AT THE MOMENT, IT'S A
MILITARY ESCORT TO
THE ROYAL PALACE!





LOOK, SERGEANT--
I'M TYPHOON
TYLER, AND--

YES--WE
KNOW! HAVE
YOU A
CERTIFICATE
PROVING YOU
HAVE BEEN
INOCULATED
AGAINST
CHOLERA?

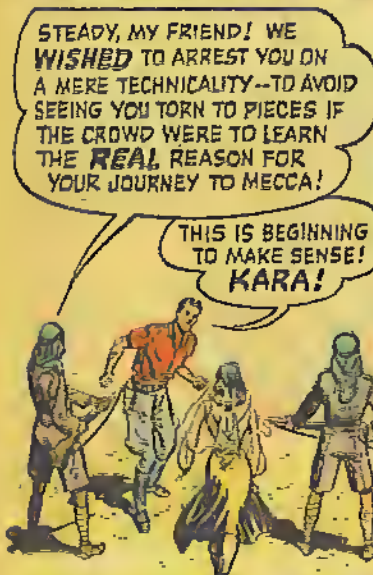


NOW WAIT A
MINUTE, BUSTER!
WHAT KIND OF
FAST ONE IS
BEING PITCHED
OVER **THIS**
TIME?

ALL ARRIVALS
ARE REQUIRED
TO PRODUCE
CERTIFICATES!
NOT BEING
ABLE TO DO SO--
**YOU ARE
UNDER
ARREST!**

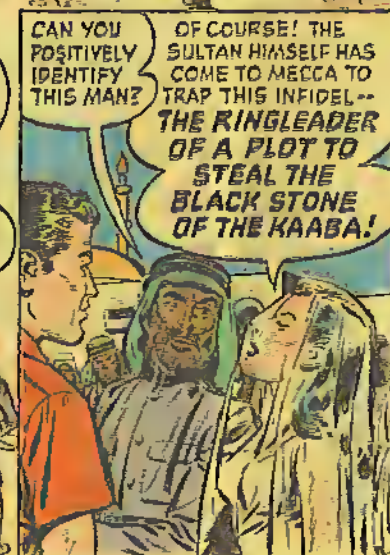


BUT--**YOU'RE**
UNDER A
MISAPPREHENSION!



STEADY, MY FRIEND! WE
WISHED TO ARREST YOU ON
A MEKE TECHNICALITY--TO AVOID
SEEING YOU TORN TO PIECES IF
THE CROWD WERE TO LEARN
THE **REAL** REASON FOR
YOUR JOURNEY TO MECCA!

THIS IS BEGINNING
TO MAKE SENSE!
KARA!



CAN YOU
POSITIVELY
IDENTIFY
THIS MAN?

OF COURSE! THE
SULTAN HIMSELF HAS
COME TO MECCA TO
TRAP THIS INFIDEL--
**THE RINGLEADER
OF A PLOT TO
STEAL THE
BLACK STONE
OF THE KAABA!**



AS KARA'S WORDS RISE ABOVE
THE BABBLE OF THE CROWD--

DID YOU
HEAR, ISMAIL?
THE DOG HAS
COME TO DEFILE
THE KAABA!

FOR HIM--
CAN ANY
DEATH BE
HORRIBLE
ENOUGH?



THEN--IN A WAVE OF HOWLING FURY--

KILL THE
INFIDEL!

DRAW
HIM
THROUGH
THE
STREETS!

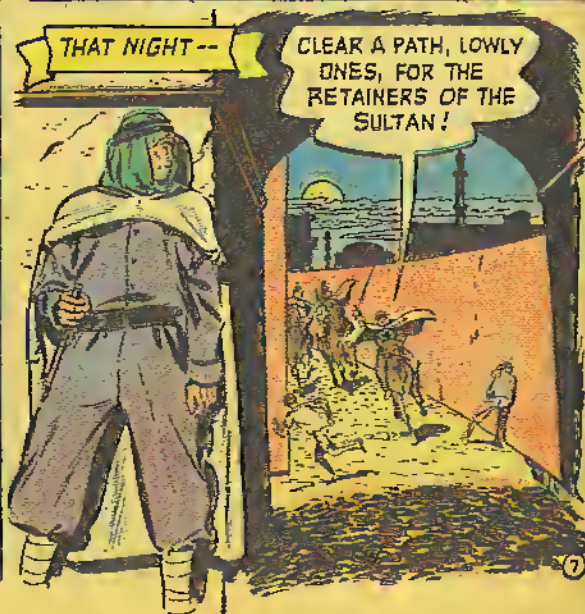
QUITE A CROWD, TYPHOON
TYLER! THE SOLDIERS
WILL NEVER BE ABLE
TO STOP
THEM!

GUESS I'LL
HAVE TO SHIFT
FOR MYSELF--
HEY,
SWEETHEART?



AND WHEN
I SHIFT--
I GO INTO
HIGH!

WHAM!



AS THE LAST HORSEMAN
ENTERS THE DARKNESS
OF THE ARCH --

HUUUGH!



AAAGH!



A MOMENT LATER --

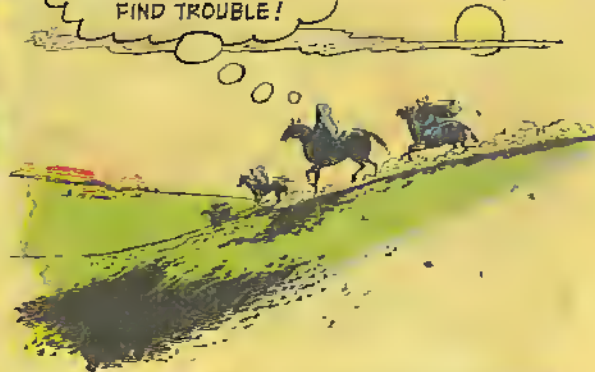
NOW TO CATCH

UP WITH THE OTHERS! IF I'M LUCKY,
I'LL BE ABLE TO STRING ALONG AS
A MEMBER OF THE LEAGUE -- UNTIL
I FIND A WAY TO CRACK DOWN!



FOR SEVERAL HOURS, THE GRIM-LOOKING
BAND HEADS ACROSS THE MOONLIT DESERT--
A DESPERATE HANDFUL PLEDGED TO ENSLAVE
THE ENTIRE MOSLEM WORLD!

TENTS... THAT'S WHERE
I'LL FIND THE SULTAN -- AND
BROTHER -- WILL HE
FIND TROUBLE!



SOON AFTERWARD --

LISTEN WELL TO THE STRATEGY.
WE WILL FOLLOW TOMORROW --
AT THE KAABA! AT MY SIGNAL,
YOU WILL HURL THE CROWD
BACK WITH GRENADES --
WHILE I MYSELF PRY LOOSE
THE SACRED BLACK STONE!



GRENADES, EH? MIGHT BE A
GOOD IDEA IF I GAVE THE
SULTAN'S TECHNIQUE A TRYOUT--
RIGHT HERE!



TO MAKE SURE THERE
ARE NO SLIPUPS -- I WILL
NOW GET A GRENADE AND
DEMONSTRATE HOW
THEY ARE USED!

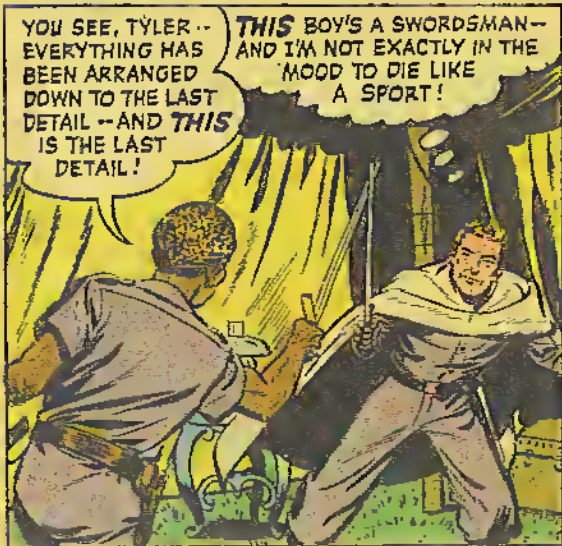




WELL, RAT--YOU'VE GOT ENOUGH TRAINED SEALS OUTSIDE! WHY DON'T YOU WHISTLE?

AH, NO! I DIDN'T KILL YOU IN THE INDIES--KNOWING WHAT WOULD HAVE HAPPENED HAD THE PEOPLE LEARNED I WAS PLOTTING AGAINST BOTH THE BLACK STONE AND TYPHOON TYLER! BUT **HERE** IT CAN BE DONE IN THE WAY I WISH--

--WITH MY OWN SWORD!



YOU SEE, TYLER--EVERYTHING HAS BEEN ARRANGED DOWN TO THE LAST DETAIL--AND **THIS** IS THE LAST DETAIL!

THIS BOY'S A SWORDSMAN--AND I'M NOT EXACTLY IN THE MOOD TO DIE LIKE A SPORT!



DODGING--TYPHOON MAKES A SUDDEN SLASH!



WHAP!



O.K., BO--GET LOST!

POW!



A SPY! AND AN INFIDEL WHO HAS LAID HANDS ON THE SULTAN!

THREE SINS, AKBAR -- AND HE WILL DIE THREE TIMES!



BUSTER -- DYING IS ONE OF THE FEW THINGS I'M ALLERGIC TO!



BEHIND THE TENT! SHOOT HIM -- TEAR HIM APART!

NOT BAD FOR A FAST JOB! AND SPEAKING OF FAST JOBS -- THIS NAG BETTER BE ONE!



THIS TIME -- I CAN'T RISK GOING TO THE POLICE! IF I EXPOSE THE SULTAN AND HIS LEGION TO ANYONE -- IT'S GOING TO BE THE PREMIER HIMSELF!



TWO HOURS LATER -- AT THE PREMIER'S PALACE, IN MECCA--

NO NEWS

CALL THE OFFICER OF THE GUARD! I'VE GOT URGENT NEWS!

IS URGENT AT ONE IN THE MORNING, INFIDEL! MOUNT AND DEPART-- OR FEEL MY RIFLE BUTT AGAINST YOUR UGLY HEAD!

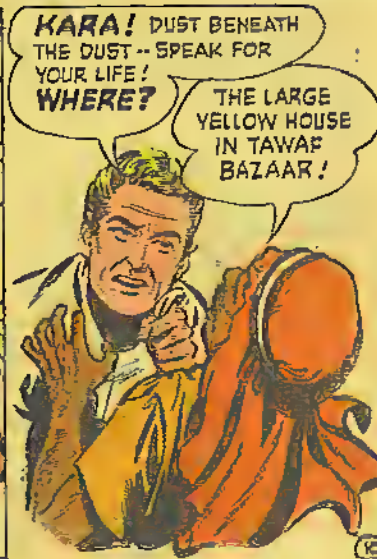


HERE'S NEWS FOR YOU, BUD -- I CAN ACT UGLY, TOO!



LIE TO ME -- AND I WILL COME BACK TO WATCH YOUR BLOOD RUN! IS THE PREMIER HERE?

HIS EXCELLENCY SEEKS DIVERSION! HE HAS GONE TO THE HOME OF A VERITABLE ARTIST-- A CHARMER OF SNAKES NAMED--



KARA! DUST BENEATH THE DUST -- SPEAK FOR YOUR LIFE! WHERE?

THE LARGE YELLOW HOUSE IN TAWAF BAZAAR!

NOW I CATCH WHAT THE SULTAN MEANT WHEN HE BOASTED THAT EVERYTHING HAD BEEN ARRANGED! **THAT** INCLUDES ASSIGNING THE PREMIER- USING THE SAME METHOD SHE TRIED ON **ME!**

MINUTES LATER --

MY DEAR KARA, I HAVE BEEN TOO DAZZLED BY YOUR BEAUTY TO BE DAZZLED BY THE WAY YOU HANDLE A HARMLESS SNAKE! ANY CHILD COULD DO THE SAME!

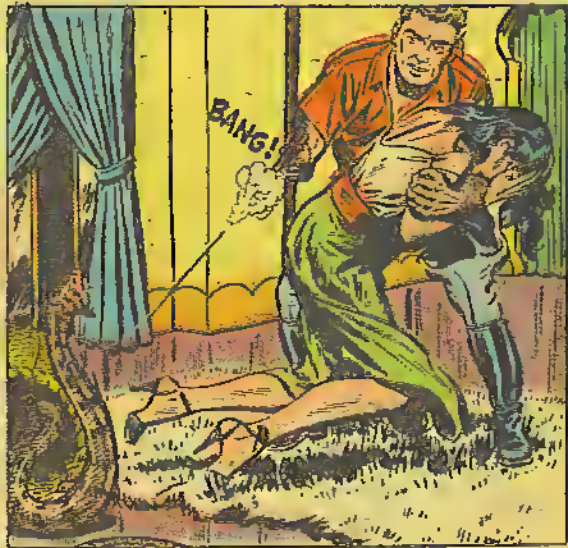
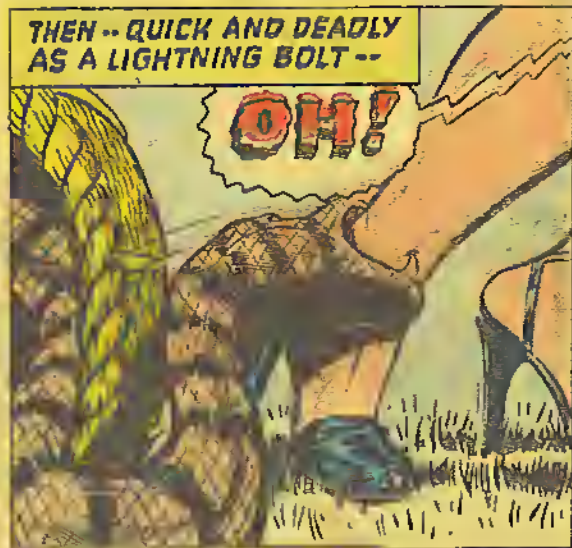
I MIGHT HAVE KNOWN I COULD NOT DECEIVE A MAN OF YOUR WISDOM, EXCELLENCY! YOU HAVE EARNED THE RIGHT TO TAKE THE SNAKE FROM THE BASKET-AND JUDGE WHICH OF US IS THE MOST BEAUTIFUL -- AND THE MOST HARMLESS!

KARA!



THEN -- QUICK AND DEADLY AS A LIGHTNING BOLT --

OH!



TYPHOON TYLER! HERE -- IN MECCA?

WHAT'S HERE IN MECCA IS SOMETHING YOU NEED BRIEFING ON -- FAST! THIS CHICK AND HER SNAKES ARE JUST FOLLOWING ORDERS IN A SCHEME TO LIFT THE BLACK STONE -- AND THE **SULTAN'S** THE RAT WHO'S GIVING THE ORDERS!

BY NOW, THE LEAGUE HAS JOINED THE HUNDREDS OF THOUSANDS OF PILGRIMS THROING AROUND THE KAABA FOR THE FIRST CALL OF THE MUEZZIN AT DAWN! TRYING TO SAVE THE BLACK STONE BY CLEARING THE HOLY AREA WILL LEAD TO BLOODY RIOTS THROUGHOUT MECCA -- BUT MAYBE THE SULTAN WAS ON THE BEAM WHEN HE SAID THAT **ONE MAN** COULD QUEER THE DEAL!

I DON'T KNOW YET HOW I'LL GO ABOUT IT, EXCELLENCY -- BUT IF IT COMES TO THE WORST, IT WOULD BE BETTER TO HAVE **ME** FAIL THAN YOUR GOVERNMENT!

I KNOW YOUR RECORD, TYPHOON TYLER! I AM WILLING TO TRUST IN YOU -- AND ALLAH!



FOR THE NEXT FEW HOURS-- WHILE TYPHOON TRIES VAINLY TO CHECK THE RAVAGES OF THE VENOM --

I HATE TO SAY

IT, BABE -- BUT THERE ISN'T A DOCTOR IN MECCA WHO CAN HELP YOU! EVEN IF WE RUSHED COBRA SERUM BY PLANE FROM BOMBAY -- IT WOULDN'T ARRIVE SOON ENOUGH TO BREAK YOUR DATE WITH MOHAMMED! AND BETWEEN YOU AND ME, KARA -- YOU'RE GOING TO FACE HIM WITH A MIGHTY SPOTTY RECORD!



TYPHOON -- I'M AFRAID! WHAT WILL HAPPEN TO ME IF I DIE --DIE WHILE THE BLACK STONE IS BEING RIPPED FROM THE KAABA?

AND SUPPOSE YOU MANAGE TO LIVE LONG ENOUGH TO SEE THAT IT **ISN'T**?



SOON AFTERWARD-- AMID THE VAST CROWD AROUND THE KAABA --

TYPHOON TYLER!
WHAT A PLACE FOR THE FOOL TO COME --
WHAT A PLACE TO DIE!



INFIDEL--INFIDEL!

SEIZE HIM, YOU FAITHFUL-- BEFORE THE BLACK STONE IS DOOMED!



AS TYPHOON BACKS TOWARD THE SHRINE --

TYPHOON-- TELL THEM TO WAIT... LET ME TALK...

HONEY.. THAT'S GOING TO TAKE A HEAP OF COAXING!



GET BACK -- **FAST!** YOU'LL EITHER LISTEN TO KARA --OR SEE YOUR PRECIOUS BLACK STONE BLASTED CLEAR UP TO ALLAH'S ROOST!



TRUST-- **TYPHOON TYLER!** THOSE WHO THREATEN THE BLACK STONE ARE IN YOUR MIDST -- **THE SULTAN AND HIS FOLLOWERS!**

THE SULTAN! DOES THAT EXPLAIN HIS ARMED HORSEMEN, FEISAL--WHO RIDE THROUGH MECCA LIKE CONQUERORS?



WILL YOU LET HER CAJOLE
YOU -- LIKE FOOLS? LOOK
AT THIS WOMAN IN THE
ARMS OF AN INFIDEL --
AND JUDGE!

WE HAVE
HEARD
ENOUGH!
**SHE
LIES!**



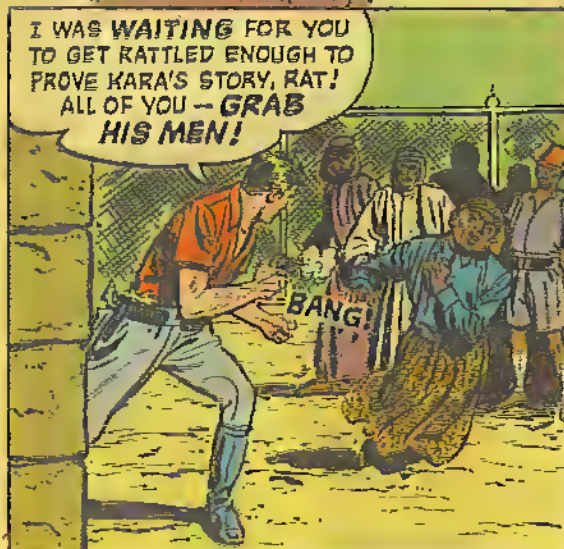
WOULD I DIE WITH A LIE ON MY
LIPS? **LA ILAHA ILLA
ILLAHU!** GLORIFIED BE
ALLAH -- AND MOHAMMED,
HIS PROPHET!



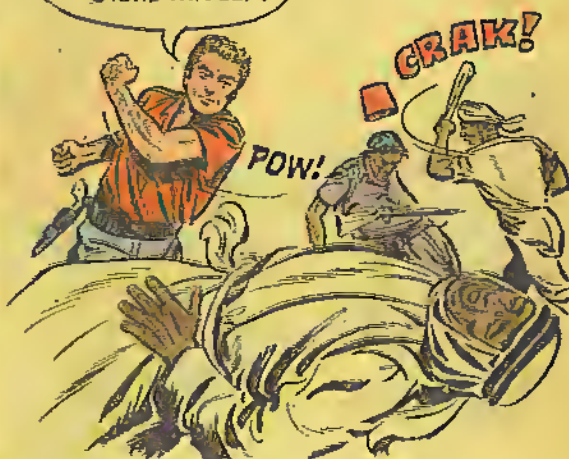
**THEY BELIEVE
HER! QUICK -- HURL
YOUR GRENADES!**



I WAS WAITING FOR YOU
TO GET RATTLED ENOUGH TO
PROVE KARA'S STORY, RAT!
ALL OF YOU -- **GRAB
HIS MEN!**



I'M NO MOSLEM, YOU DEADBEATS -- BUT
I'M BEGINNING TO FEEL KIND OF TOUCHY
ABOUT THE BLACK
STONE MYSELF!



WITH THE REMAINING
PLOTTERS CAPTURED --

INFAMOUS AS SHE MAY HAVE
BEEN WHILE SHE LIVED -- SHE
DIED SPEAKING THE TRUTH!
ALLAH WILL BE
MERCIFUL!

I WOULDN'T KNOW,
BUSTER! BUT I DON'T
THINK HE'D MIND IF
YOU CARRIED HER
WHERE SHE'D LIKE
TO BE -- INSIDE --
INTO THE
KAABA!



BY WHAT MIRACLE
DID THIS UNBELIEVER
PROTECT THE
HOLIEST RELIC
OF OUR FAITH?

BECAUSE HE PROTECTS
ALL THAT WHICH IS JUST --
BECAUSE THE HELPLESS
ARE HIS FRIENDS -- BECAUSE
HE IS **TYPHOON
TYLER!**



Millions of people need **TYPHOON
TYLER** -- millions will be waiting for
the outcome of what faces him in the
next issue! **WILL YOU?**



*They're a million miles
ahead of everything!*

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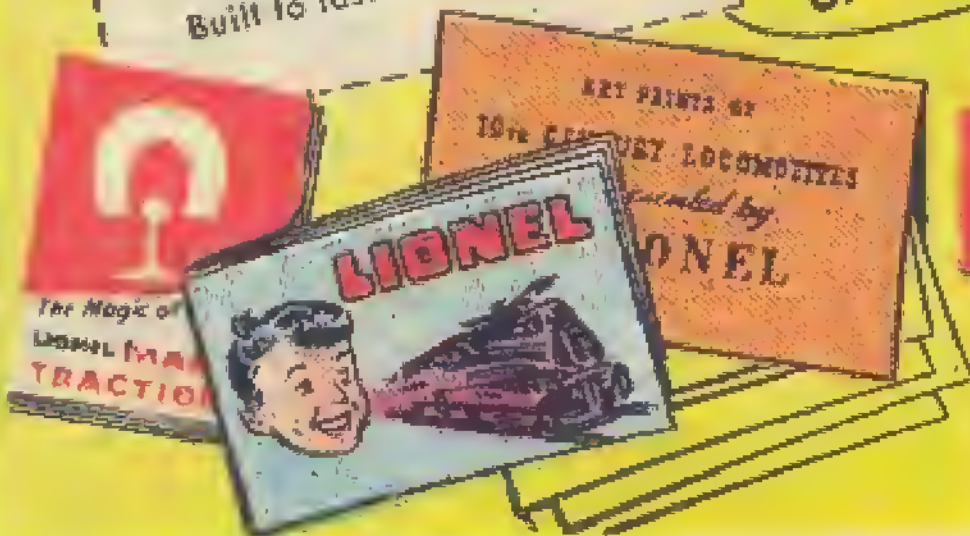
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Courage in KOREA

TOM BANCROFT pantingly scrambled up the steep slope of the Korean mountain, the thick jungle underbrush tearing at his face. Desperately, he kept on, although his lungs felt as if they were about to burst...until he finally heard the sounds of the pursuit behind him fade away in the darkness of the night.

He lay still for a minute, trying to calm his tortured breathing...but then he was up again, a desperate urgency in his movements as he climbed up to the road that ran atop the ridge. And there was good reason for that urgency...because on his secret mission behind the North Korean lines, he had learned that an American battalion would be walking into an enemy-prepared ambush from which none would escape...unless he got to battalion headquarters before dawn, when the G.I.'s were due to start out.

But he still had time...it was only three miles to the battalion lines, and he was sure an easy jog could get him there before the sun broke over the horizon. And now that he was already at the road...

Tom froze into the shadows suddenly, rooted to the spot as he saw two North Koreans getting out of a truck on the road just ahead of him. The soldiers carefully lifted a land mine out of the truck, and Tom found once again that his knowledge of the Korean language stood him in good stead.

"This is far enough," he heard one soldier say. "We are about the right distance from the first mine we buried on the road! Let's bury the second one...and may it kill many Americans!"

While the two men were stooped over on their hands and knees, carefully planting the mine, Tom

stole over behind them on silent feet, and the butt of his service .45 thudded twice on the North Korean skulls.

A moment later, he was in the cab of the Korean truck, carefully driving around the still exposed mine, and then roaring down the road toward the battalion lines. He knew he was in danger of imminent death, for he had no way of knowing where the North Koreans had planted the first land-mine...and it might burst beneath him at any moment, sending the fragments of the truck and his body high into the air. But he had no choice...if he were to take his time and cautiously prod every inch of the road with his machete, trying to find the mine before he went over it, he would never get back to his lines in time to stop the battalion from advancing into certain death.

Tom roared down the Korean road at top speed, knowing that his only chance was to use that old trick that had worked so well against the Nazi road-mines in the last war...to drive so fast over the mine that the cab would pass over it before the detonation, so that only the rear of the truck would bear the brunt of the explosion. It was risky, of course, but it was the only way...

B O O M !

Tom's head cracked sickeningly against the roof of the cab as the rear end of the truck was flung into the air, ripped by the explosion. And as he crawled from beneath the blazing truck and started doggedly down the road towards his own lines, he knew that his perilous trick had succeeded...and that after he'd given his message to headquarters, the enemy ambushers would find themselves in an ambush!

NOTORIOUS WESTERN GUNMEN

JOHN WESLEY HARDIN

WES HARDIN, ONE OF THE WEST'S MOST NOTORIOUS GUNMEN, WAS ONLY 15 YEARS OLD IN 1869 WHEN HE SHOT HIS FIRST MAN... AN OUTLAW WHO HAD BROKEN INTO HIS HOME! BUT THIS FIRST TASTE OF VIOLENCE LEFT A LIFELONG SCAR... POINTING THE YOUNGSTER ALONG A DEADLY TRAIL!

BY THE TIME HE WAS 18, HE WAS AN ACCOMPLISHED EXPERT WITH HIS GUN! HE CONSTANTLY PRACTICED HIS DRAW, BECOMING SO ADEPT AT IT THAT HE COULD FACE A GUN THAT WAS COCKED AND AIMED AT HIM...

...AND DRAW SO INCREDIBLY FAST THAT HE COULD BEAT THE SHOT!

YUH DIRTY VULTURE---YUH'RE NOT THE ONLY ONE WHO KIN PULL A TRIGGER!



BY THE SPRING OF 1873, THE YOUNG TEXAN HAD AN AWESOME REPUTATION THAT WON THE RESPECT OF SUCH FAMOUS GUNSLINGERS AS WILD BILL HICKOK... WHOM WES MET WHEN HE ACCOMPANIED A TRAIL HERD TO ABILENE, KANSAS!

WHY, SHORE, MARSHAL---I WON'T GIT INTUH ANY RUCKUS HERE---NOT WHEN I KNOW I'D HAVE TUH SWAP LEAD WITH WILD BILL HICKOK!

HEARD A LOT ABOUT YUH, HARDIN---AN' FROM WHAT I HEAR, I'D SHORE HATE TUH BE ON THE OTHER END OF A GUNFIGHT WITH YUH! SO AS MARSHAL OF ABILENE, I'M ASKIN' YUH TUH KEEP YORE GUN IN YORE HOLSTER AS LONG AS YUH STAY IN TOWN---FER YORE SAKE AN' MINE!



YUH DIRTY, CHEATIN' COYOTE...TRY CHEATIN' THE DEVIL NOW!

BUT YOUNG HARDIN'S TRIGGER-QUICK TEMPER GOT THE BETTER OF HIM IN AN ARGUMENT---AND ALMOST BEFORE ANYONE KNEW IT, HIS GUN WAS SPITTING LEAD!

QUICK---SOMEONE CALL MARSHAL HICKOK!



STILL CARRYING THE STOLEN TROUSERS, THE PROWLER ESCAPED TO THE STREET TO DIE--IN FULL VIEW OF WILD BILL HICKOK AND HIS MEN, WHO WERE PATROLLING THE STREETS LOOKING FOR WES!

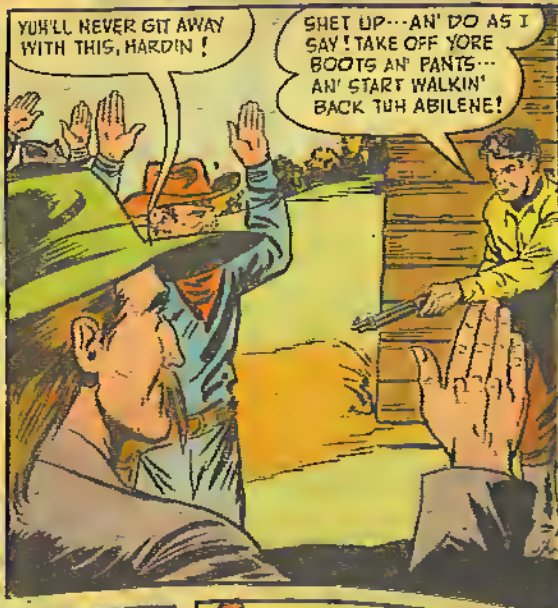
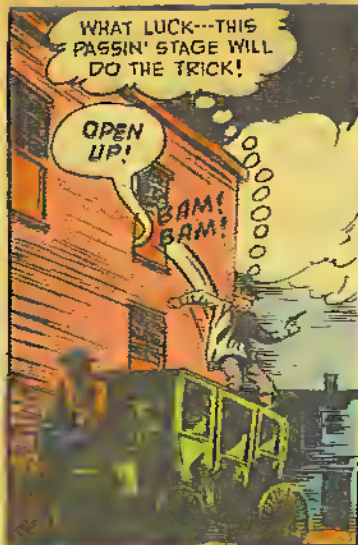
WES IMMEDIATELY MADE HIMSELF SCARCE IN ABILENE, HOLLING UP IN A RAMSHACKLE BOARDING HOUSE WHERE NO ONE KNEW HIM! BUT ONE NIGHT, AWAKENED BY A PROWLER IN HIS ROOM---

SOMEONE'S GOIN' THROUGH MUR POCKETS! I'LL FIX 'IM!



A SHOOTIN'! LET'S GO, BOYS!





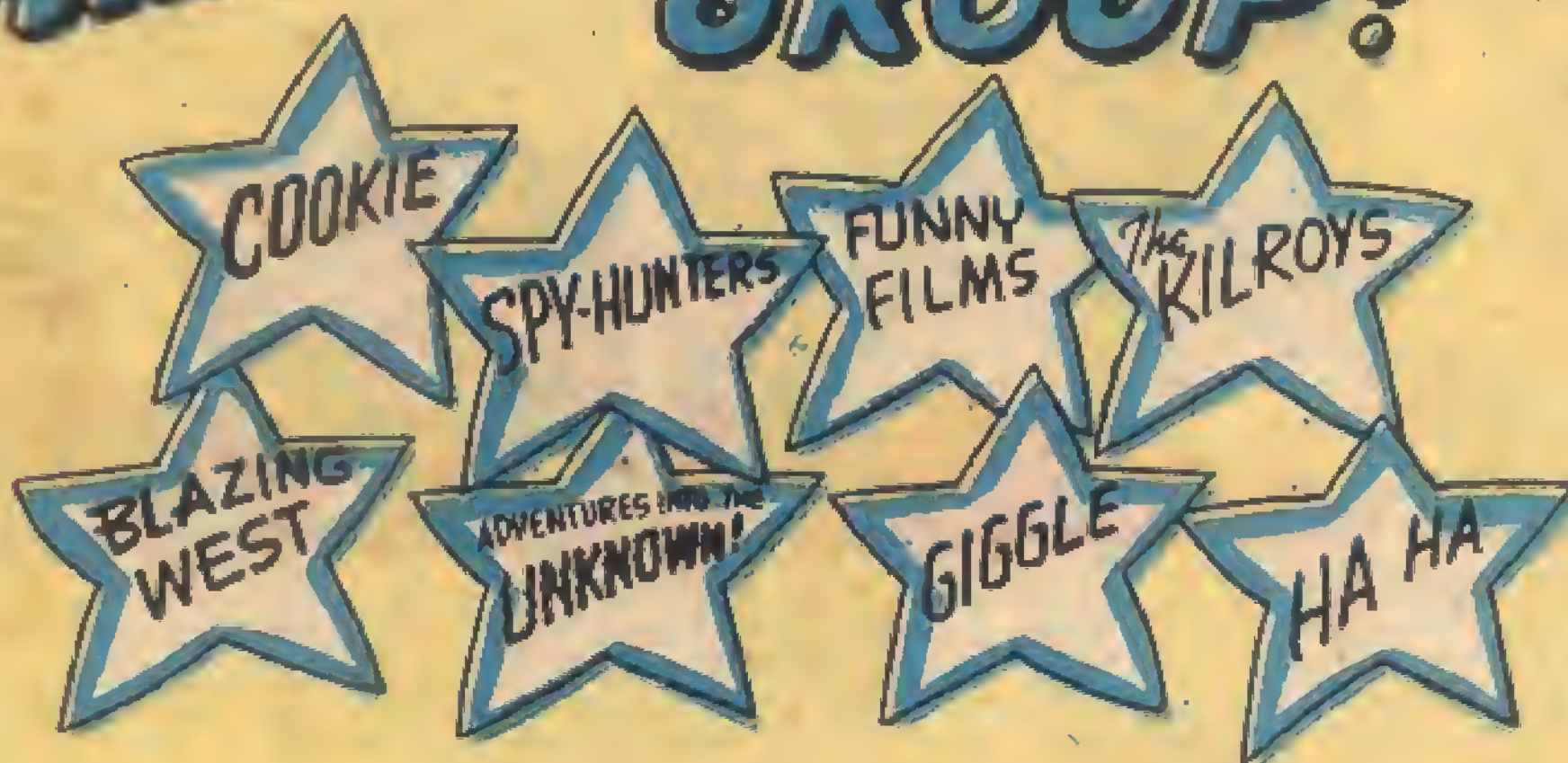
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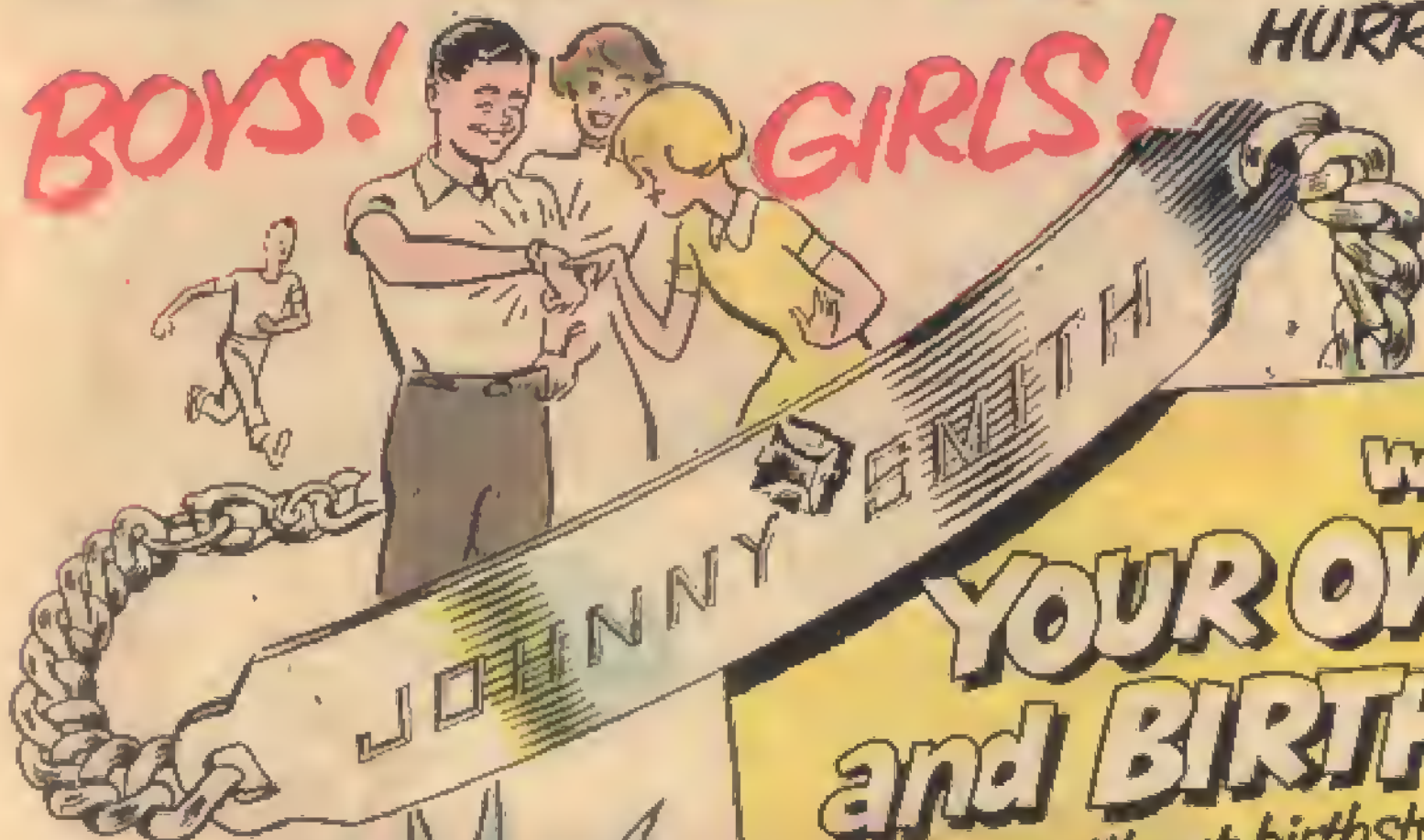


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MINSTREL SPY

THE KING OF ENGLAND IN 878 A.D. WAS YOUNG ALFRED THE GREAT... ALSO DESTINED FOR FAME AS A SPY! THE CANNY YOUNG KING HAD FALLEN UPON HARD TIMES WHEN KING GUTHRUM OF DENMARK INVADED ENGLAND WITH A HUGE ARMY AND OVERPOWERED ALFRED'S OUTNUMBERED FORCES...



FLEE... TO THE HILLS! THE DANES ARE TOO MANY FOR US!

ALFRED AND HIS FEW REMAINING CHIEFS DISGUISED THEMSELVES AS POOR PEASANTS AND HID IN THE SLEEPY VILLAGE OF ATHELNEY, BUT THE KING OF ENGLAND WAS NOT CONTENT TO REMAIN IN HIDING...

BUT SIRE... THIS IS MADNESS! YOU CANNOT HOPE TO GAIN ENTRY INTO GUTHRUM'S COUNCIL HALLS IN CHIPPENHAM... THEY ARE TOO HEAVILY GUARDED!

AH, BUT YOU FORGET THAT MINSTRELS ARE NOT FIGHTING MEN... AND ARE ALLOWED TO PASS UNCHALLENGED INTO ALL ARMED CAMPS! SECURE A HARP, BRAVE DENEWULF... FOR YOU SHALL BE HARP-BEARER TO A KINGLY MINSTREL!



AH... MINSTRELS! KING GUTHRUM WILL BE PLEASED TO HAVE SONG AND LAUGHTER IN HIS COUNCIL HALLS TONIGHT... ENTER AND BE MERRY!



AS A PRINCE OF ROYAL BLOOD, ALFRED HAD BEEN FASCINATED BY MINSTRELS AND JESTERS... AND HAD INSISTED THAT THEY TEACH HIM TO PLAY THE HARP AND JUGGLE AND TUMBLE UNTIL HE WAS AN EXPERT IN ALL THE ENTERTAINING ARTS... AND HIS TALENTS NOW STOOD HIM IN GOOD STEAD!

HOW LIKE YOU THIS MERRY JESTER, KING GUTHRUM?

HA-HA... HE IS THE BEST I HAVE EVER SEEN! HE TAKES MY MIND OFF MY WORRIES ABOUT OUR WEAK EAST FLANK!



DENEWULF, TOO, LOST NO TIME IN GAINING FAVOR WITH THE DANISH SOLDIERS... AND TALK FLOWED FREELY UNDER THE INFLUENCE OF DRINK!

HAW-HAW... HOW THE COWARDLY ALFRED FLED FROM YOU BRAVE DANES... ALL ENGLAND MOCKS HIS NAME!

AYE, THEY ARE TOO COWARDLY TO SEND SPIES HERE TO LEARN OUR WEAKNESS! THEY WILL NEVER KNOW THAT THE SPRAWLING WINTER QUARTERS WE GO TO NEXT WEEK ARE UNDEFENDABLE... THEY WILL NEVER DEFEAT US!



ARMED WITH THE KNOWLEDGE HE HAD GAINED AS A MINSTREL SPY, ALFRED RETURNED TO ATHELNEY, RALLIED HIS FORCES... AND ATTACKED! OUTNUMBERED, BUT WITH THE ADVANTAGE OF SURPRISE, THE ENGLISH TROOPS DEFEATED THE DANES... AND GUTHRUM WAS FORCED TO SURRENDER TO KING ALFRED, ROYAL SPY!



The TIME TRAVELERS

EVER WISH YOU COULD SOLVE THE RIDDLE OF TIME, READER? EVER WISH YOU COULD PIERCE ITS MYSTIC VEIL AND GO BACK THROUGH THE DEAD CENTURIES? DON'T LAUGH...FOR IT CAN BE DONE! YOU'RE INVITED ON A THRILLING RIDE ABOARD DR. TOM REDFIELD'S TIME MACHINE...BACK THROUGH THE OLD YEARS TO THE DAWN OF HISTORY...AND OUT INTO THE FAR REACHES OF SPACE TO Distant WORLDS! AND IF YOU'RE READY TO RISK DEADLY PERIL, BID FAREWELL TO YOUR HUMDRUM EVERYDAY LIFE...AND GET SET FOR AN ADVENTURE IN TIME!



The WHITE HOUSE, WASHINGTON, D.C.

BUT I'M AMBASSADOR LEADUX...I HAD AN APPOINTMENT WITH THE PRESIDENT!

WE'VE ALL BEEN WAITING TO SEE THE PRESIDENT! AS A SENATOR, I DEMAND TO KNOW THE REASON FOR THE DELAY!

PLEASE, GENTLEMEN--PLEASE! THE PRESIDENT IS EXPECTING SOME OTHER VISITORS...WHOSE BUSINESS IS FAR MORE IMPORTANT THAN YOURS! AH, HERE THEY ARE NOW---

OFFICE OF THE PRESIDENT



COME IN, DR. REDFIELD... MISS FOSTER! THE PRESIDENT IS ANXIOUSLY AWAITING YOU!

BUT THEY'RE SO YOUNG...WHAT BUSINESS CAN THEY HAVE THAT'S MORE IMPORTANT THAN OUR INTERNATIONAL NEGOTIATIONS AND AFFAIRS OF STATE?

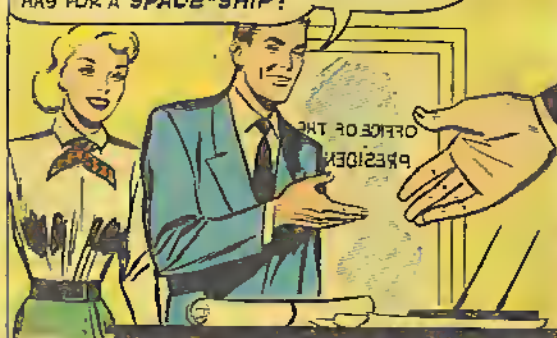
OFFICE OF THE PRESIDENT



YES, WHAT VITAL MISSION ARE PEGGY FOSTER AND TOM REDFIELD ON...WHAT PERILOUS OPERATION ARE THEY ABOUT TO PLUNGE INTO?

CONGRATULATIONS, DR. REDFIELD---THE WHOLE NATION IS DEEPLY INDEBTED TO YOU AND MISS FOSTER FOR HAVING PERFECTED A WORKABLE TIME MACHINE!

THANK YOU, MR. PRESIDENT! BUT WE'VE DONE MORE THAN THAT---OUR MACHINE CAN COVER ANY AMOUNT OF SPACE AS WELL AS TIME---AT INCREDIBLE SPEED! AND I'M SURE YOU KNOW WHAT VITAL NEED AMERICA HAS FOR A SPACE-SHIP!



YES, I KNOW ONLY TOO WELL THAT THE THREAT OF AN ATOMIC WAR HANGS OVER AMERICA---AND THAT VICTORY CAN GO ONLY TO THE SIDE THAT CAN PREVENT ITS ENTIRE POPULATION FROM BEING WIPED OUT BY DEADLY RADIOACTIVE RAYS! OUR ONLY HOPE LIES IN SECURING THAT STRANGE SILVERY METAL WHICH YOUR INVESTIGATIONS HAVE SHOWN TO EXIST ON THE PLANET VENUS---AND WHICH CAN **NEUTRALIZE** ATOMIC RAYS! YOU TWO ARE THE ONLY ONES WHO CAN MAKE THAT TRIP TO VENUS

---AND I THANK YOU FOR YOUR COURAGE IN VOLUNTEERING TO GO!



IT'LL TAKE MORE THAN COURAGE ALONE TO GET US THERE, MR. PRESIDENT! THE ORIGINAL MODEL OF THE TIME MACHINE ISN'T MANEUVERABLE ENOUGH TO CARRY US 160 MILLION MILES THROUGH SPACE---AND WE'LL NEED THE ASSISTANCE OF THE GOVERNMENT'S TOP SCIENTISTS TO HELP US BUILD AN IMPROVED SPACE SHIP IN A HURRY!



WE'LL HAVE TO WORK FAST! COMMUNIST SCIENTISTS ALSO HAVE THE TIME MACHINE AND THE SAME INFORMATION ABOUT VENUS---AND WE'VE GOT TO **BEAT** THEM TO THE RADIO-ACTIVE COUNTER-AGENT!



I'LL PUT THE GOVERNMENT'S ENTIRE SCIENTIFIC RESOURCES AT YOUR DISPOSAL---AND MAY THE BLESSINGS OF THE WHOLE AMERICAN NATION SPEED YOU ON YOUR VOYAGE THROUGH SPACE!

The WEEKS PASS, WITH DR. TOM REDFIELD'S SPACESHIP-BUILDING SITE A BEEHIVE OF ACTIVITY---

IT'S ALMOST FINISHED, TOM---THE WORK HAS GONE FASTER THAN WE DARED HOPE FOR!

YES... WITH LUCK, WE'LL BEAT THOSE RED SCIENTISTS TO VENUS!



BUT BEHIND THE IRON CURTAIN---

VANOV---YOU **BUNGLED**! OUR INTELLIGENCE REPORTS INDICATE THAT REDFIELD'S SPACESHIP LEAVES IN TWO DAYS, WHILE YOURS WON'T BE READY FOR AT LEAST **THREE!** THE AMERICANS WILL GET TO VENUS BEFORE YOU!



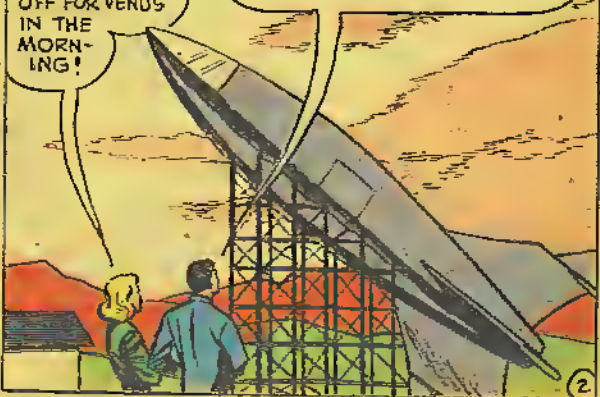
DO NOT FEAR, GENERAL---I INFILTRATED ONE OF OUR SPIES INTO THE CORPS OF SCIENTISTS WORKING ON THE AMERICAN SPACESHIP! I GUARANTEE YOU **IT WILL NEVER GET TO VENUS!**



TWO NIGHTS LATER---

I---I FEEL SO THRILLED, TOM---IT'S HARD TO BELIEVE WE ACTUALLY TAKE OFF FROM VENUS IN THE MORNING!

NOTHING CAN STOP US FROM GETTING THERE NOW, PEGGY! EVERYTHING IS SET---THE CONTROLS ARE AIMED SQUARELY FOR VENUS---AND ALL WE HAVE TO DO IN THE MORNING IS PULL THE TAKEOFF LEVER---AND WE'LL BE **OFF!**



BUT IN THE DEAD OF NIGHT, AT THE SPACESHIP CONTROLS...

THE FOOLS WON'T BOTHER TO SPEND HOURS RECHECKING THE INSTRUMENTS TOMORROW... THEY'LL NEVER KNOW I CHANGED THE SETTINGS TO SEND THEM **BACK IN TIME** INSTEAD OF **FORWARD IN SPACE**! AND I'VE CRIPPLED THEIR LANDING GEAR, TOO... THEY'LL **CRASH-LAND** INTO THE PAST... AND NEVER REPAIR THE SHIP IN TIME TO BEAT VANOVO TO VENUS!

NEXT MORNING...

VENUS...
HERE WE
COME!

WHOOSH!



TOM...
WHAT... WHAT'S
HAPPENING?

GREAT GOSH... WE...
WE'RE GOING **BACKWARDS**
THROUGH TIME!

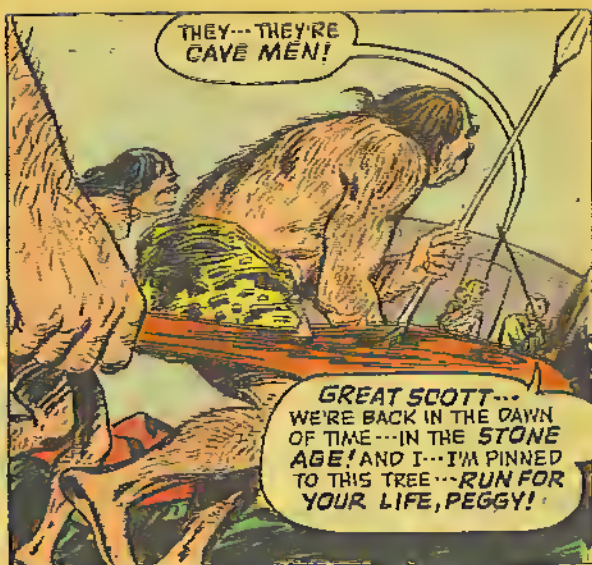
WE---WE
**CRASH-
LANDED!**
WHERE
ARE
WE?

PROBABLY STILL ON EARTH
...BECAUSE IF WE WENT
THROUGH THE VORTEX OF
TIME, THE SHIP'S CONTROL
SETTINGS MUST HAVE
BEEN SOMEHOW CHANGED
FROM SPACE-FLIGHT TO
TIME-FLIGHT! BUT AS
TO WHAT TIME PERIOD
WE'RE IN... **I WONDER!**

CRASH!

WE'RE LODGED IN
A NARROW VALLEY
---WE'LL **NEVER**
BE ABLE TO TAKE
OFF AGAIN!

AND LOOK AT THE
SHIP'S UNDER-
PLATES... THEY'RE
WRECKED! WE'RE
MAROONED
HERE!



A SABRE-TOOTH TIGER! THEY BECAME EXTINCT HUNDREDS OF CENTURIES AGO, BUT *THIS* ONE IS CERTAINLY ALIVE ENOUGH! MY ONLY CHANCE IS --- THIS PISTOL---



GARR-POWW!

BANG!
BANG!
BANG!



OH, TOM, YOU DID IT--- YOU KILLED IT! BUT LOOK--- THOSE CAVE-MEN ARE STEALING BACK!

WE'VE NOTHING TO FEAR FROM THEM *NOW*, BABY--- JUST LOOK AT THE AWE ON THEIR FACES! AS SOON AS THEY CONVINCE THEMSELVES THE TIGER IS DEAD, THEY'LL PROBABLY BEGIN THINKING I'M A GOD FOR HAVING BEEN ABLE TO SLAY IT!



YOU'RE RIGHT --- THEY'RE PAYING HOMAGE TO YOU!

YES, THEY'RE MY OBEDIENT SUBJECTS NOW--- AND I'M BEGINNING TO SEE HOW THEY CAN HELP US GET TO VENUS! I'LL USE SIGN LANGUAGE--- AND I CAN ORDER THEM TO SUMMON THEIR CLANSMEN AND BEGIN HAULING THE SPACESHIP TO A GOOD SPOT FOR A TAKEOFF!



BY NEXT DAY---

IT'S AMAZING THE WAY THEY OBEY YOUR SIGNALS --- YOU'RE PROBABLY THE FIRST MASS ORGANIZER OF CAVE-MEN IN HISTORY!

THEY CERTAINLY COME IN HANDY--- AS SOON AS THE SHIP IS DRAGGED INTO A CLEARING, I'LL HAVE THEM START HAMMERING AT THE UNDER-PLATING WITH THEIR STONE CLUBS TO STRAIGHTEN IT OUT-- BEFORE I GET TO WORK WITH THE SHIP'S WELDING EQUIPMENT!



THE SPIES WHO SABOTAGED OUR SHIP PROBABLY THOUGHT WE'D CRASH INTO THE PAST AND NEVER BE ABLE TO GET OUT AGAIN--- LEAVING THEM A CLEAR FIELD ON VENUS! AND WITHOUT THE BRUTE STRENGTH OF THIS WHOLE CLAN OF CAVE-MEN, THEY WOULD HAVE SUCCEEDED!

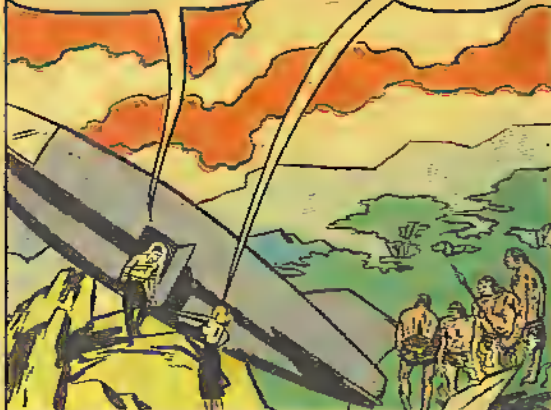
BUT WE *STILL* MIGHT LOSE OUT--- THOSE RED SCIENTISTS MIGHT BE ON VENUS *RIGHT NOW*!



TWO DAYS LATER...

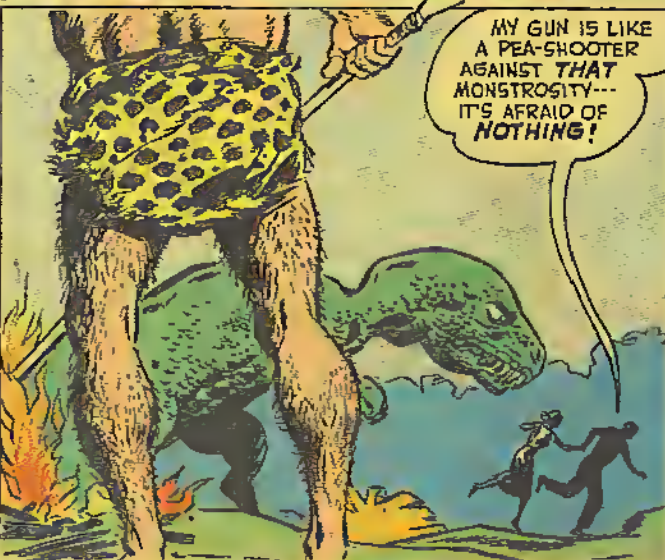
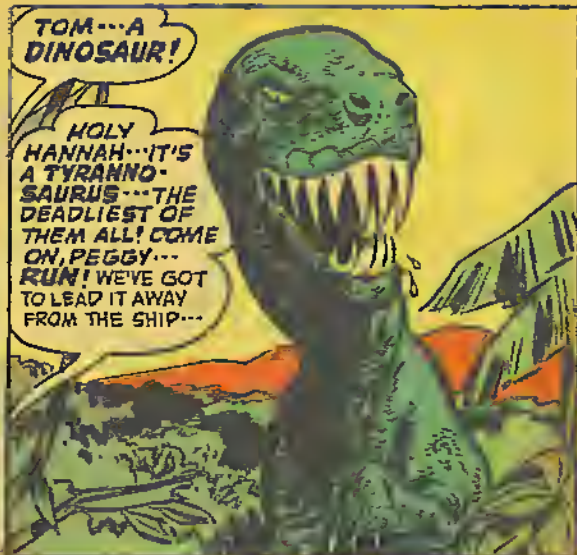
WELL, SHE'S ALL SHIP-SHAPE AND GOOD AS NEW! LET'S GO... I DON'T WANT TO WASTE ANOTHER MOMENT!

WAIT... WHAT'S THAT THRASHING IN THE UNDER-BRUSH?



TOM... A DINOSAUR!

HOLY HANNAH... IT'S A TYRANNO-SAURUS... THE DEADLIEST OF THEM ALL! COME ON, PEGGY... RUN! WE'VE GOT TO LEAD IT AWAY FROM THE SHIP...



MY GUN IS LIKE A PEA-SHOOTER AGAINST THAT MONSTROSITY... IT'S AFRAID OF NOTHING!



LOOK... THAT CAVEMAN KNEW WHAT IT'S AFRAID OF... FIRE!

THIS IS OUR CHANCE, TOM... WHILE IT'S FLAILING AROUND AND TRYING TO DIS- LODGE THAT BURNING SPEAR, WE CAN TAKE OFF!

RAARGHH!

MOMENTS LATER...

OHH! THE DINOSAUR SHOOK OFF THE SPEAR... IT'S CHARGING THE CAVEMAN!

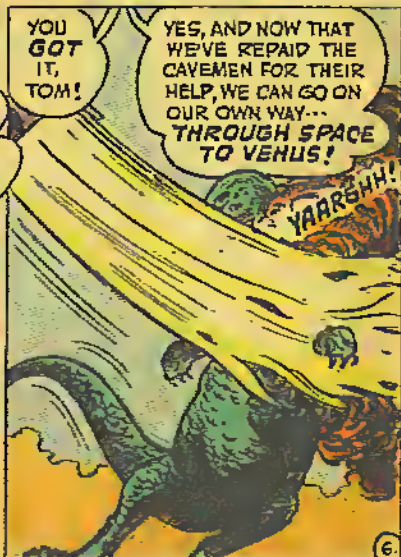
WELL, ONE GOOD TURN DESERVES ANOTHER... I'LL JUST SWOOP DOWN AND LET TYRANNOSAURUS HAVE A BLAST FROM OUR ATOMIC EXHAUST!



YOU GOT IT, TOM!

YES, AND NOW THAT WE'VE REPAID THE CAVEMEN FOR THEIR HELP, WE CAN GO ON OUR OWN WAY... THROUGH SPACE TO VENUS!

YAAARRSHH!



AND SO, UP... UP THROUGH THE BOUNDLESS REACHES OF THE MILKY WAY, WHILE MOTHER EARTH FADES AWAY TO A MERE PIN-POINT IN THE VAST GALAXY OF THE HEAVENS... UP... UP INTO A DEADLY DUEL WITH THE DANGERS OF SPACE-TRAVEL!

TOM---LOOK OUT FOR THAT COMET!

WHEW---JUST MISSED IT!

AND FINALLY, AFTER HURLING THROUGH SPACE AT THE ALMOST INCREDIBLE VELOCITY OF LIGHT ITSELF---

WE MADE IT, PEGGY---THIS IS VENUS!

LOOK AT THESE STRANGE FORMS OF PLANT LIFE--- NOW I KNOW WE'RE REALLY OUT OF THIS WORLD!

I'M WORRIED ABOUT THE STRANGE FORMS OF ANIMAL LIFE WE MIGHT FIND ON THIS PLANET! LISTEN--- THAT NOISE IN THE UNDERGROWTH---

OH!!

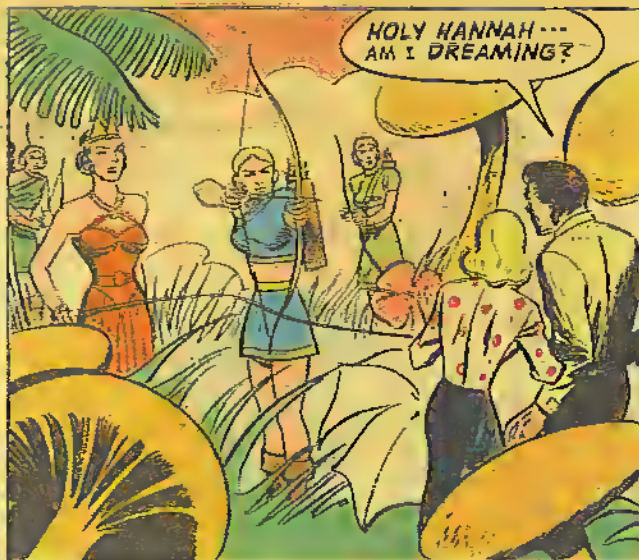
GREAT SCOTT---I DON'T KNOW WHAT THOSE THINGS ARE, BUT THEY LOOK TOO HUNGRY FOR COMFORT! LET'S MAKE A RUN FOR IT, PEGGY!

WE'LL HAVE TO MAKE A STAND HERE---WE CAN'T OUTFRAN THEM! THEY MUST BE HUNTING BEASTS--- I THINK I HEAR SOMEONE OR SOMETHING WHISTLING THEM ON! BUT I'LL SOON MAKE 'EM START WHISTLING ANOTHER TUNE!

BANG! BANG!

BUT SUDDENLY---

CRACK!



HOLY HANNAH---
AM I DREAMING?



BEFORE TOM CAN RECOVER FROM HIS
ASTONISHMENT---

NO, THEY'RE REAL
...AND AMAZINGLY
STRONG! I--I'M
HELPLESS IN
THEIR GRIP!

THEY LOOK SO ANGRY!
HOW CAN WE TELL THEM
WE CAME IN PEACE---HOW
CAN WE EXPLAIN OUR
MISSION WHEN WE CAN'T
SPEAK THE VENUSIAN LANGUAGE,
WHATEVER IT
IS?

YOU LIE
---YOU DID NOT
COME IN
PEACE!

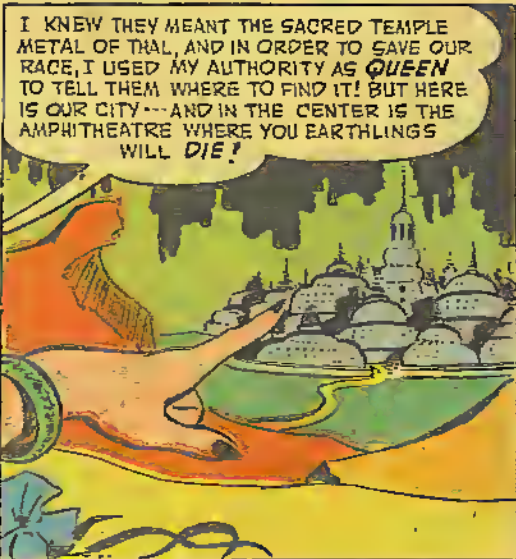
YOU CAME WITH WAR AND DESTRUCTION
IN YOUR HEARTS---LIKE THOSE
OTHER EVIL MEN WHO CAME YESTER-
DAY FROM THE HEAVENS AND SLEW
MANY OF MY PEOPLE WITH THEIR
DEATH-DEALING WEAPONS!

I--I CAN'T
BELIEVE MY EARS
---YOU---YOU SPEAK
ENGLISH!

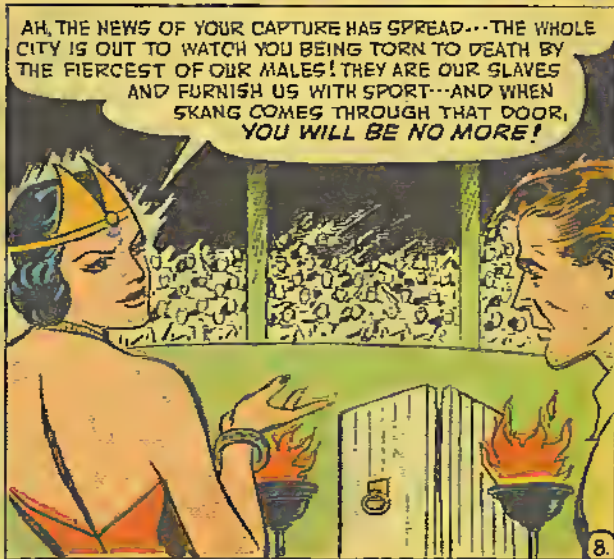
OF COURSE---WE VENUSIANS ARE
TELEPATHIC! I CAN LOOK INTO
YOUR MIND AND READ OFF IN AN
INSTANT EVERY WORD YOU EVER
LEARNED---AND SINCE I CAN ALSO
SEE THE MENTAL PICTURES CONNECTED
WITH THE WORDS, I KNOW THEIR MEAN-
ING! BUT NOW YOU WILL KNOW WHAT
I HAVE IN MIND FOR YOU---AS PAYMENT
FOR THE MURDERS YOUR FRIENDS
COMMITTED!---**DRAW THEM TO
THE CITY---TO THEIR
DEATHS!**

BUT THESE
MEN WHO
CAME BEFORE
US **AREN'T**
OUR FRIENDS
---THEY'RE
OUR
ENEMIES!

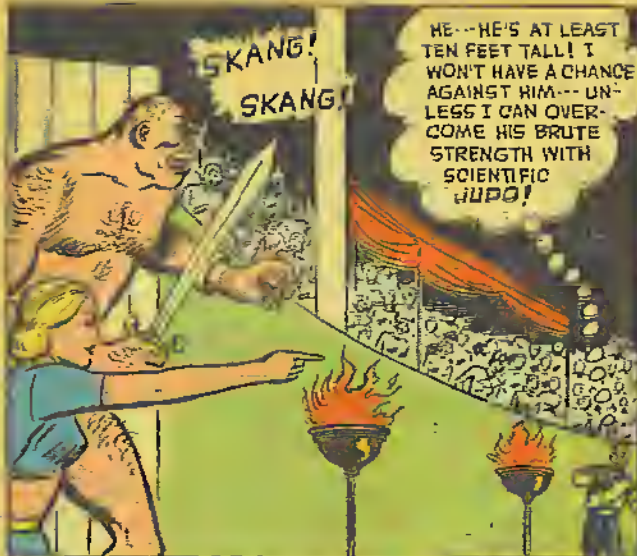
LIES! THEY
CAME FROM THE
SKY IN A SHIP
LIKE YOURS---
THEIR STRANGE
WEAPONS BARKED
AND SPAT DEATH AS
DID YOURS! THEY
THREATENED TO
WIPE OUT OUR
WHOLE RACE WITH
A SINGLE OUNCE OF
DEADLY GERMS UNLESS
WE TOLD THEM WHERE
TO FIND A STRANGE,
SHINING METAL---



I KNEW THEY MEANT THE SACRED TEMPLE
METAL OF THAL, AND IN ORDER TO SAVE OUR
RACE, I USED MY AUTHORITY AS **QUEEN**
TO TELL THEM WHERE TO FIND IT! BUT HERE
IS OUR CITY---AND IN THE CENTER IS THE
AMPHITHEATRE WHERE YOU EARTHLINGS
WILL DIE!



AH, THE NEWS OF YOUR CAPTURE HAS SPREAD---THE WHOLE
CITY IS OUT TO WATCH YOU BEING TORN TO DEATH BY
THE FIERCEST OF OUR MALES! THEY ARE OUR SLAVES
AND FURNISH US WITH SPORT---AND WHEN
SKANG COMES THROUGH THAT DOOR,
YOU WILL BE NO MORE!



SKANG!
SKANG!

HE--HE'S AT LEAST
TEN FEET TALL! I
WON'T HAVE A CHANCE
AGAINST HIM-- UN-
LESS I CAN OVER-
COME HIS BRUTE
STRENGTH WITH
SCIENTIFIC
JUDO!



REALLY
DETERMINED
TO HAVE MY LIFE
--AREN'T YOU,
QUEEN?

HA--YOU DON'T
DESERVE TO LIVE
--UNLESS YOU
FIGHT AND WIN!

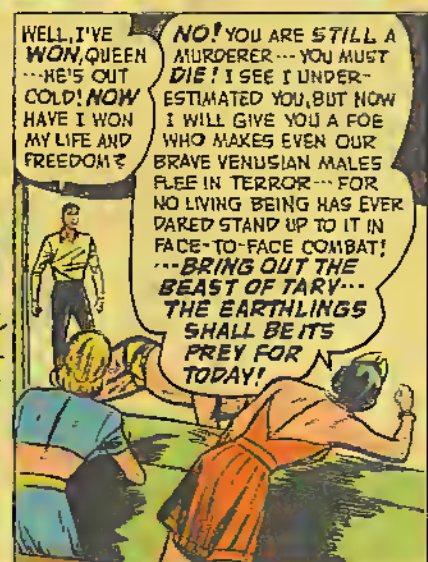


BUT AS SKANG DIVES, TOM MAKES
HIS MOVE WITH THE SWIFTNESS OF A
ZOOMING SPACESHIP!

TAKE A RIDE ON THE
FLYING FERRIS WHEEL,
SKANG--AND HAPPY
LANDINGS!



CRASH!



WELL, I'VE
WON, QUEEN
--HE'S OUT
COLD! NOW
HAVE I WON
MY LIFE AND
FREEDOM?

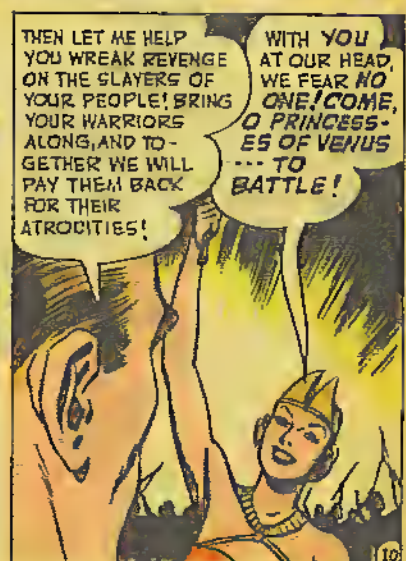
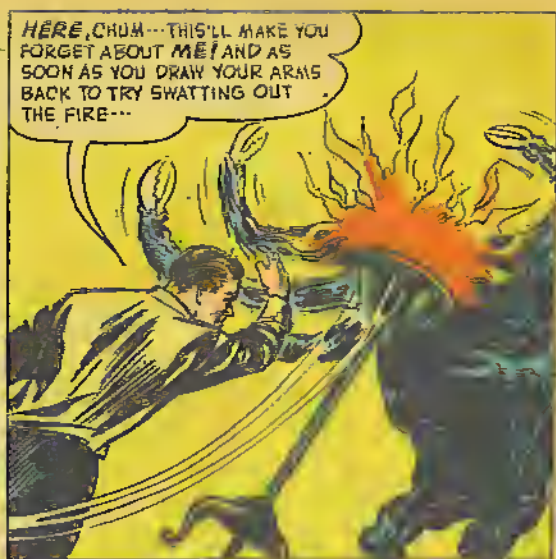
NO! YOU ARE STILL A
MURDERER-- YOU MUST
DIE! I SEE I UNDER-
ESTIMATED YOU, BUT NOW
I WILL GIVE YOU A FOE
WHO MAKES EVEN OUR
BRAVE VENUSIAN MALES
FLEE IN TERROR-- FOR
NO LIVING BEING HAS EVER
DARED STAND UP TO IT IN
FACE-TO-FACE COMBAT!
--**BRING OUT THE
BEAST OF TARY--
THE EARTHLINGS
SHALL BE ITS
PREY FOR
TODAY!**

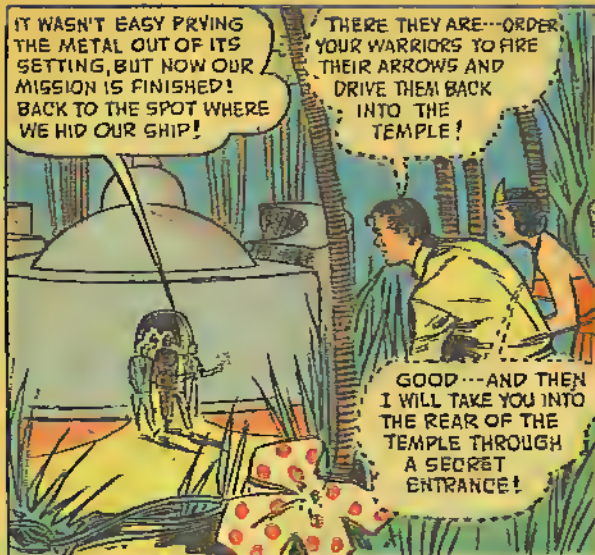


AAARRGH!



I-- I CAN SEE WHY NO ONE EVER DARED FACE
THIS MONSTROSITY IN COMBAT-- IT'S ENOUGH
TO CURDLE **ANYONE'S** BLOOD! I'VE GOT
SKANG'S SWORD, BUT IT'S LIKE A **STRAW**
AGAINST THOSE LONG ARMS AND
RAZOR-SHARP CLAWS-- I COULD NEVER
GET INSIDE THOSE ARMS TO STRIKE A
TELLING BLOW! I-- I GUESS THIS
IS THE **END!**





IT WASN'T EASY PRYING THE METAL OUT OF ITS SETTING, BUT NOW OUR MISSION IS FINISHED! BACK TO THE SPOT WHERE WE HID OUR SHIP!

THERE THEY ARE---ORDER YOUR WARRIORS TO FIRE THEIR ARROWS AND DRIVE THEM BACK INTO THE TEMPLE!

GOOD---AND THEN I WILL TAKE YOU INTO THE REAR OF THE TEMPLE THROUGH A SECRET ENTRANCE!



THE VENUSIAN AMAZONS AGAIN! TAKE COVER INSIDE THE TEMPLE--- WE'LL BLAST THEM FROM THERE!

ZZ-ZZIP!
WHIZZ!



THAT'S IT---MOW THEM DOWN! HA--- THINK OF THEM TRYING TO MATCH BOWS AND ARROWS AGAINST TOMMY-GUNS!



WHAM!

UGHHH!



QUICKLY--- DOWN THIS CORRIDOR!

HE HAS THE METAL--- AFTER HIM--- SHOOT HIM DOWN!



THEY'RE UNARMED ---THEY'LL NEVER LIVE TO GET AWAY!

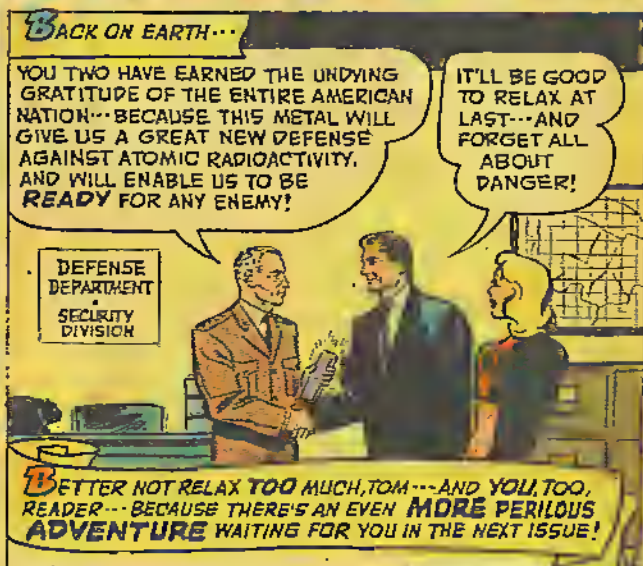
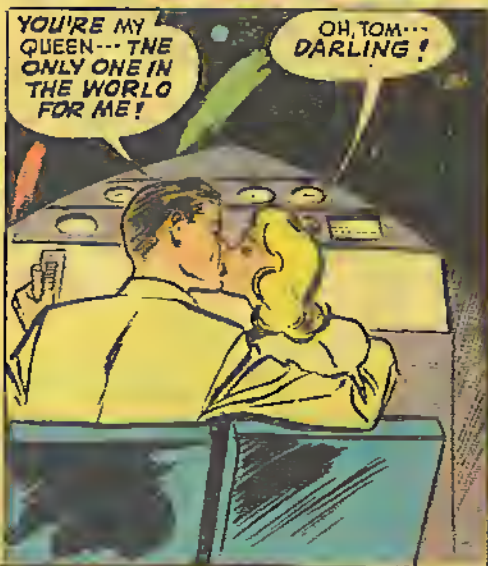
WE WILL LIVE--- IF WE ARE CAREFUL NOT TO STEP OFF THIS STONE PATH!



WE'RE WITHIN RANGE--- WHY DON'T YOU START SHOOTING THEM DOWN, FOOLS?

WE--- WE CAN'T--- WE'RE CAUGHT! SOMETHING'S GOT US!

HELP!



WHICH ONE SHALL WE SEND YOU?

hello!
I'm **SANDY!**
I drink and sleep
and you can
WAVE MY
HAIR!

TERRIFIC
VALUE!

complete
SEND NO MONEY
(C.O.D. you pay postage)
Remit with order, we pay postage.

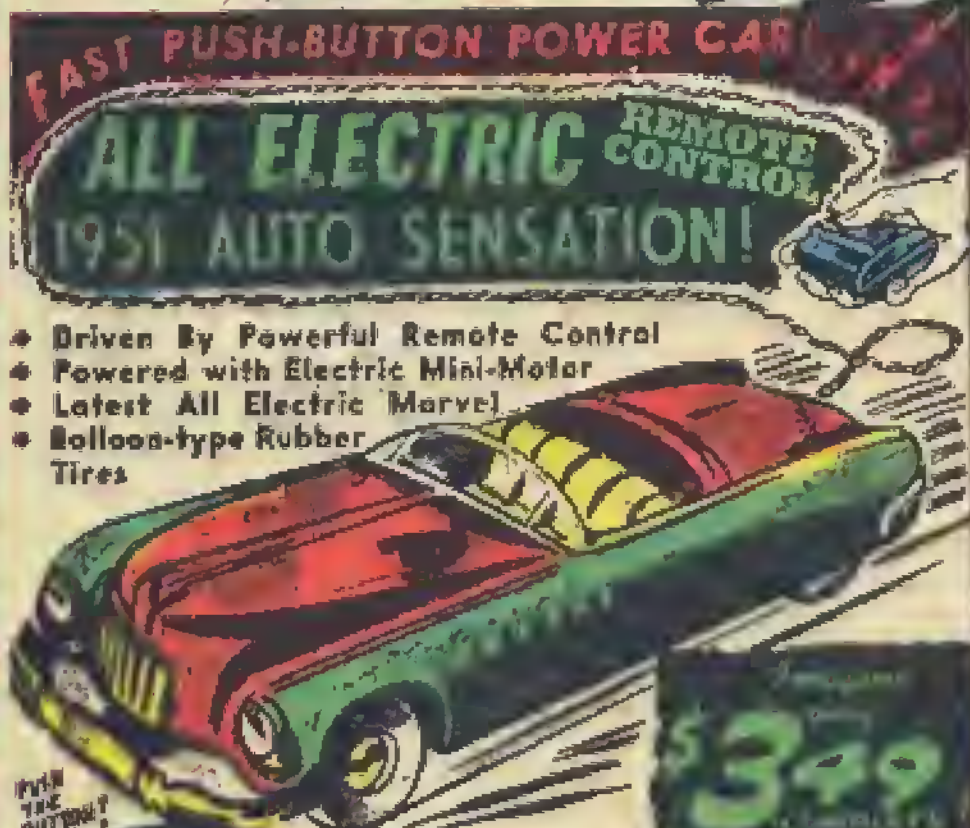
SENSATIONAL DRINK
AND WET DOLL in
washable rubber WON-
DERSKIN with life-like
hair and realistic hair-wave
kit complete with... plastic
curlers... rubber waving
bands... plastic comb and...
...bottle of doll hair lotion.
ADORABLE SANDY, 11
inches tall, has sparkling
blue eyes that open
and close — she
drinks from her
bottle with rubber
nipple (included)
and then wets her
diaper. You can bathe her
— move her cuddly arms,
legs and head — make her
stand, walk and sleep.



THE FIGHTING CLOWN

Key kid! Here's real fun, lots
of action, real sport with
PUNCHO — colorful, lively,
animated punching bag. Knock
it down, it always comes back
at you for more! An ideal
rocking dummy — wrestling
partner — sparring partner.
Punched against a wall it be-
comes a rapid punching bag.
Perfect as an exerciser and
trainer, indoors or out.
Made of extra heavy long
lasting vinylite, over
15 inches tall, with
metal valve for easy
inflation. SEND NO
MONEY, (C.O.D. you
pay postage. Remit
with order, we pay
postage.

PUSH YOUR
ORDER TODAY!



FAST PUSH-BUTTON POWER CAR
ALL ELECTRIC REMOTE
CONTROL
1951 AUTO SENSATION!

- Driven By Powerful Remote Control
- Powered with Electric Mini-Motor
- Latest All Electric Marvel
- Balloon-type Rubber Tires

\$3.49

The greatest new electrical toy since the electric train.
REMOTE CAR is a thrillingly realistic scale model, made of
colorful thinning plastic. It runs and steers by remote control
— no wind-up or friction motor, but an ALL-ELECTRIC PRE-
SIGN-MADE MOTOR, powered by 2 long lasting flashlight
batteries. Push the magic control button, and you really make
things happen. Here's real action to fascinate every child, and
daddy too. RUSH YOUR ORDER TODAY! SEND NO MONEY!
Remit with order and we pay postage, or C.O.D. plus postage.

Beautiful **BLONDIE** WONDER DOLL WITH
RUBBER SKIN



SQUEEZE ME
... I COO!

- 13 Inches High
- Lifelike Appearance
- She Can Be Washed
- She Has Moving Eyes

Here she is now, this CUDDLY, HUG
GABLE, lovable baby BEAUTIFUL BLONDIE.
She is 13" high and has soft, smooth body
of REAL RUBBER WONDERSKIN.
SQUEEZE HER AND SHE COOS! — just like
a baby. Every little mother will want Blon-
die for her carriage. She's got blonde curls
aplenty, and they're thick and long just like
real hair. Blondie's hair can be put up in
ribbons at night and tucked into bed and
watch her long lashes sleepily close those
big blue eyes. She rests soundly till her
next day of fun. Every child will have
the time of her life giving her body a
bath and powdering her soft, baby
RUBBER WONDERSKIN. She comes dress-
ed in bright BIRTHDAY PARTY dress,
cute pinney, shoes and stockings. Wonder-
ful, beautiful, amazing doll! A yours for
this unbelievably low price. SEND NO MONEY.
Remit with order and we pay postage or
order C.O.D. plus postage.

IMAGINE \$2.98
ONLY complete

EVERYBODY LOVES ME
WON'T YOU?

AMAZING • EXCITING • IT'S TELEVIEW!
SUPER DELUXE

ELECTRIC FILM
PROJECTOR



- A BIG SHOW
"Little Red Riding Hood"
- A REAL PROJECTOR!
Bright Red Plastic!
- A COLORFUL THEATRE
with Screen!
- COMPLETELY SAFE!
Any Child Can Operate

EXTRA FILM
3 FILMS \$1.00

SNOW WHITE
THE OWL AND
THE PUSSY CAT
JINGLE BELLS
THREE LITTLE PIGS
JACK AND JILL
RIP VAN WINKLE
TOM THUMB
ROBINSON CRUSOE
HOUSE THAT JACK
BUILT
WINNIE THE POOH

Now any child can show the most exciting films at home with
this streamlined TELEVIEW Projector, complete with colorful
theatre and screen. The bright red plastic projector is safe and
simple to operate — nothing to get out of order. Think of the
fun of watching your favorite come to life on the theatre screen!
This Super Deluxe Projector will mean big movie parties for
friends and family. The boys and girls will be fascinated with
the Big Movie Shows, and watching movies all by yourself is
the greatest treat of them all! SEND NO MONEY.
Remit with order and we pay postage or C.O.D. plus postage.

NOVELTY MART, Dept. 63
59 East 8th Street, New York 3, N. Y.

Gentlemen: Please send me the following:
Enclosed find: ☐ Check or M.O. ☐ C.O.D. plus postage

- | | | | |
|---|--------|---|--------|
| <input type="checkbox"/> Sandy | \$3.98 | <input type="checkbox"/> Film Projector | \$2.98 |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Coe Blondie | \$2.98 | <input type="checkbox"/> 3 Films \$1.00 | |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Remote Control Car | \$3.49 | <input type="checkbox"/> 'Kid Puncho' | \$1.98 |

Name _____
Address _____ City _____ State _____

SEND
NOW!

**KIDS!
GROWN-
UPS!**

EVEN IF YOU'VE NEVER PLAYED BEFORE—

YOU Can Play These **REAL**
MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS **INSTANTLY!**

**COLOR KEYS MATCH
THE COLOR NOTES**

Yes indeed! You play favorite tunes ON SIGHT! Absolutely no training—no practicing necessary. It's just like M A G I C! Surprise and delight your family! Amaze your friends! Why, even you yourself will hardly believe your ears. Play solos—duets—a cincheroo! COLOR-KEY CLARINETTE and COLOR-KEY XYLOPHONE are the easiest, most instructive approach to music... Swell Entertainment and Pleasure.

**COLOR-KEY
XYLOPHONE**



**FREE
GIANT
COLOR-
NOTES
SONG
BOOK**

**COLOR-KEY
CLARINETTE**

EASY AS A B C

- A.** Color Keys on instruments match Color Notes in Song Book.
B. Follow the Colors:
For CLARINETTE, press keys and blow gently.
For XYLOPHONE, lightly strike bars with mallets.
C. PRESTO! YOU MAKE MAGIC MUSIC! MUSIC SO NEAT—MUSIC SO SWEET, everybody starts to stamp their feet; the tones ring out so clear and true—everybody will sing with you.

SMALL-SIZE of "REAL THING"

- Full octave range • Sweet, bell-tones • Sturdy, all-metal • Graceful • Colorful design • Color-keyed • 2 Harmony mallets included

**ALL
FOR
\$2.98**

THE HARBERT CO.
Dept. 10
303-4th Ave., N. Y. 10

- Fully 14 $\frac{3}{4}$ " long
- Ebony Plastic
- Banded in Chrome
- True tone range
- "Scientific" easy-blow Mouth-piece
- 8 Color-keys for 2-hand play

SUCH FUN! You'll be excited—your friends delighted! Just think! Without knowing notes, you really play POPULAR SONGS!

**ALL
FOR
\$2.98**

NO LESSONS NEEDED. COLOR-KEY; COLOR-NOTE Play is the Easy Way... No music lessons. No practicing. No teachers. Just follow colors in GIANT COLOR-NOTES SONG BOOK. Red note in book—play red key, green note, play green key, etc. Use both hands for both instruments immediately!

Prove this for yourself. Send order TODAY for FREE 10 day trial. If not thrilled, return purchase. We'll cheerfully refund your money.

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Send me _____ COLOR-KEY CLARINETTES at \$2.98 each. Include FREE GIANT SONG BOOK.

Send me _____ COLOR-KEY XYLOPHONES at \$2.98 each. Include FREE GIANT SONG BOOK.

☐ I'll pay postman total cost, plus postage.

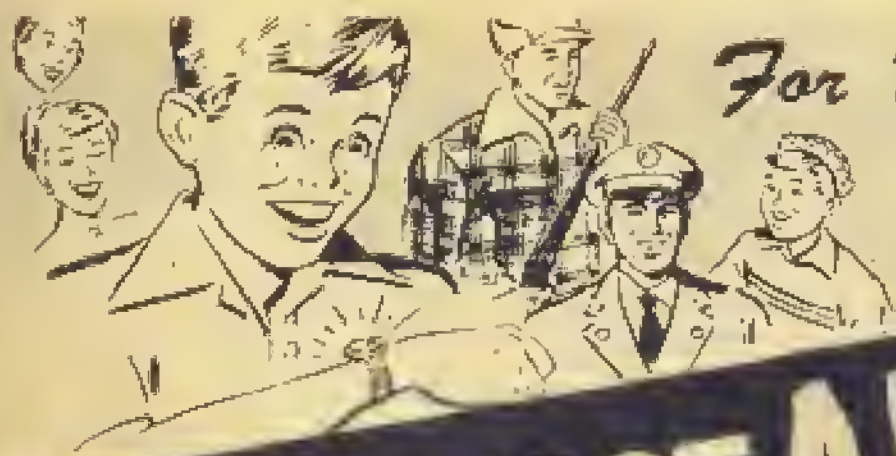
☐ SAVE POSTAGE. I enclose \$ _____ (total amt.)
Ship postage prepaid.

I may return my purchase for refund within 10 days if not entirely satisfied.

Name _____

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For Boys - Girls - Hunters - Campers -
Everybody!

THE MOST AMAZING SUN WATCH IN THE WORLD!

JUST LOOK
AT WHAT IT DOES!

TELZALL

9 IN 1

THE
TIMEPIECE OF
ADVENTURE!

1. TELLS TIME

the truly scientific
sun dial way

**2. WEATHER
FORECASTER**

secretly concealed,
changes colors to
predict weather

**3. GLOW-IN-THE-DARK
COMPASS**

tells directions day
or night

4. STRAP

is durable plas-
tic 8" measure

**5. 6-POWER
MAGNIFYING**

and burning glass,
secretly concealed

**6. WORLD'S SMALLEST
BALL POINT PEN**

writes thousands of
words

7. SIGNALLING DEVICE

on the back

8. CONSTELLATIONS

Chart shows how to
find the North Star

9. MORSE CODE

engraved on the back

You'll be the envy of all your friends when you wear this sensational 9-way wonder — the amazing, patented new TELZALL SUN WATCH. It's the only watch of its kind in the world. This tickless time piece tells the sun time... nothing to go out of order.

The gracefully designed case of gleaming jeweler's bronze with durable red plastic 8" measuring strap looks like an expensive watch on your wrist. The weather forecaster and the magnifying and fire-starting glass are secretly concealed inside the case.

You'll marvel at the other fascinating features of this wonderful new invention. It may even save your life—with the Morse Code permanently engraved on the back, a glow-in-the-dark compass, signalling mirror, all right on your wrist in case of emergency! What fun, too, being able to predict the weather at a glance, measure objects, write with the world's smallest ball point pen, and locate the North Star and other constellations. Don't delay—rush your order today to be sure of prompt delivery.

SEND NO MONEY Wear the 9-in-1 Telzall Sun Watch on your wrist. See how perfectly it operates. If you don't agree it's worth many dollars more than the small cost, simply return within 10 days for full refund of purchase price.

MONEY-BACK GUARANTEE—ORDER TODAY

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Enterprises

Patent Pending

Amazing Value
\$1.98

10-DAY TRIAL COUPON

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430 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago 11, Ill.

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Gentlemen: Rush ☐ 9-in-1 Telzall Sun Watches described above—on your no-risk 10-day money-back guarantee offer. On delivery I will pay postman only \$1.98 each plus C.O.D. postage, with the understanding that if I am not completely satisfied I may return within 10 days for full refund of purchase price.

Name (please print)

Address

City

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Year	Model	Spark Plug Gap, In.	Brake Oil, In.	Oil Level, In.
1935	15	.015	1/2	1/2
1936	15	.015	1/2	1/2
1937	15	.015	1/2	1/2
1938	15	.015	1/2	1/2
1939	15	.015	1/2	1/2
1940	15	.015	1/2	1/2
1941	15	.015	1/2	1/2
1942	15	.015	1/2	1/2
1943	15	.015	1/2	1/2
1944	15	.015	1/2	1/2
1945	15	.015	1/2	1/2
1946	15	.015	1/2	1/2
1947	15	.015	1/2	1/2
1948	15	.015	1/2	1/2
1949	15	.015	1/2	1/2
1950	15	.015	1/2	1/2

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Cadillac	Hupmobile	Pierce Arrow
Chevrolet	Kaiser	Plymouth
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